

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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HELEN FERRIS, *Editor*

ALICE WALLER, *Business Manager*

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Our October Contents

Art and Poetry

- Cover Design Margaret Evans Price
On Hallowe'en Mary Louise Walliser 24

Stories

- Laughing Last (Serial—First Installment) Jane Abbott 4
Illustrations by Esther Andrews
An Ill Wind Elsie Singmaster 8
Illustrations by Seddie Aspell
Gold Eye, the Loon William MacMillan 12
Linoleum Cuts by Nancy Cochran

Our Founder's Message

- Birthday Message to the Girl Scouts Juliette Low 11

Special Articles

- Autobiography of a Red Brick Birdsall Otis Edey 16
Heading by Fanny L. Warren
When I Was a Girl Alice Mary Kimball 17
Designs by Marie V. Troell and Grace Delahunt
A Play Day That Was "More Fun" Elizabeth Smedes 19

Dramatics

- Magic Goldpieces (The new Girl Scout play, Part One) Margaret Mochrie 14
Stage settings by Aurelie Asten

Our Merit Badge Pages

- Walnut Shadows (Homemaker, Craftsman, etc.) 20
Hey, Bird, Ho, What Patrol Are You? (Bird Finder Badge) Dr. Bertha Chapman Cady 21
Hallowe'en Charms and Games (Hostess Badge) Theresa H. Wolcott 22
"Bird Houses to Let" in Tulsa (Bird Finder Badge) Mabel Messner 23
Try This Rope Stretcher (First Aid Badge) Suggested by E. J. Drummond and Elsa Becker 32
Drawings by Fannie L. Warren

Girl Scout News "On the Air"

- Broadcast Through Our Scribes Corner 24-25

Pictures

- Pictures of Girl Scouts in Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, Wyoming 26-27

Puzzles

- Puzzle Jack and His Puzzle Pack 28

Other Interesting Articles

- How Girl Scout Troops Earn Money 29
The Earn-Your-Own Club 36
How Many Have You Read? May Lamberton Becker 40
The Way in Scoutville 43
Who's Who in THE AMERICAN GIRL? 46
Stamps Wilbur F. Cannon 47
Along the Editor's Trail 50

Join Our Popular Club

The Earn-Your-Own Club

See page 36.

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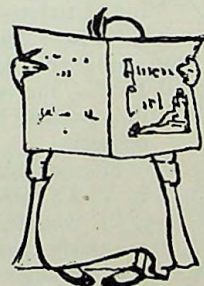
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See page 36 of this issue

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22-094

Beginning Our New Mystery Serial

Laughing Last

By JANE ABBOTT

Illustrations by Esther Andrews

Chapter 1—The Egg

I BEG your pardon, but it's *my* turn to have the Egg!" Three pairs of eyes swept to the sunny window seat from which vantage-ground Sidney Romely had thrown her protest. Three mouths gaped.

"Yours—"

"Why, Sid—"

"Fifteen-year-olds don't have turns!" laughed Victoria Romley, who was nineteen and very grown up.

Though inwardly Sidney writhed, outwardly she maintained a calm firmness.

"It's because I am *fifteen* that I am claiming my rights," she answered, carefully ignoring Vick's laughing eyes. "Each one of you has had the Egg twice and I've never had a cent of it—"

"Sid, you forget I bought a rug when it was my last turn and you enjoy that as much as I do," broke in her oldest sister.

Sidney waved her hand impatiently. She had rehearsed this scene in the privacy of her attic retreat.

"It's the principle of the thing," she continued, loftily. "We're always fair with one another and give and take and all that and I think it'd be a blot on our honor if you refused me my lawful turn at the Egg. I'm willing to overlook each one of you having it twice—"

"That's kind of you. What would you do with it, anyway, kid?" interrupted Vick, quite unimpressed by her sister's seriousness.

Sidney flashed a withering look in Vick's direction.

"I wouldn't spend it all on one party that's over in a minute and nothing to show for it!" she retorted. Then: "And what I'd do with it is my own affair!" She swallowed to control a sob that rose in her throat.

"Tut! Tut!" breathed the tormenting Vick.

"Why, Sid, dear!" cried Trude, astonished. At the tone of her voice Sidney flew to her and flung her arms about her.

"I don't care—I don't *care*! You can laugh at me but I'm *sick* of being different. I—I want to do things like—other girls do. H-have fun—"

Over her head Trude's eyes implored the others to be gentle. Even Vick grew sober. In a

twinkling this pig-tailed little sister seemed to have become an individual with whom they must reckon.

Isolde, the oldest sister, frowned perplexedly. "Sidney, stop crying and tell us what you want. As far as *fun* is concerned I don't think you have any complaint. Certainly you do not have anything to *worry* about!" Isolde's tone conveyed that she did.

Only Trude sensed that the cause of Sidney's rebellion lay deeper than any desire for fun. She patted the girl's head sympathetically. "I guess we haven't realized you're growing up, Sid," she laughed softly. "Now tell us what's wrong with everything."

Trude's quiet words poured balm on Sidney's soul. At last these three sisters realized she was fifteen. It *hadn't* been the Egg itself she had wanted—it had been to have them reckon her in on their absurd family cogitations.

"I want to go somewhere, to live somewhere where I won't be Joseph Romley's daughter! I want clothes like the other girls and go to a boarding school and never set eyes on a book of poetry. I want adventure and to do exciting things. I want—"

Isolde stemmed the outpour with a shocked rebuke. "Sid, I don't think you realize how disrespectful what you are saying is to our father's memory! He has left us something that is far greater than wealth. A great many girls would enjoy being the daughter of a poet—"

"Oh, tush!" Quite unexpectedly Sidney found an ally in Vick. "Issy, you've acted your part so often, poor dear, that you really think we *are* blessed by the gods in having been born to a poet. I wish some one *would* change places with me long enough for me to eat a few meals without hearing you and Trude talk about how much flour costs. Yes, a *fine* heritage! Poor Dad, he couldn't help being a poet, and I'm willing to carry on about his memory and all that—it's the least *we* can do in return for what the League's done for us, but just among ourselves we might enjoy the emotion of sighing for the things other girls do and have, mightn't we?"

Sidney had certainly started something! The very atmosphere of the familiar room in which they were assembled seemed charged with strange currents. Sidney thrilled to the knowledge that she was now a vital part of it.

But it was Trude who answered Vick—Trude, the peaceful.

"Come! Come! First thing we know we'll actually be feeling sorry for ourselves! I sometimes get awfully tired living up to Dad's greatness but I don't think that's being disrespectful to his memory. I don't suppose there



Sidney



Vick



Trude

are any girls, who don't sigh for something they haven't. But just to stiffen our spines let's sum up our assets. We're not quite as poor as church mice; we have this old house that isn't half bad and the government bonds and the royalties and living the way we had to live with Dad, taught us to have fun among ourselves which is something! You, Issy, have your personality which will get you any-

where you want to go. And Vick's better dressed on nothing than any girl in Middletown. So I vote Sid has the Egg this time all to herself to do exactly as she pleases with it. How's that, family?"

The tension that had held the little circle broke under Trude's practical cheeriness. Isolde smiled. Vick liked being told she looked well-dressed. Sid had the promise of the Egg which, be it known, was the royalty accruing each year from a collection of whimsical verse entitled "Goosefeathers" and which these absurd daughters of a great but improvident man set aside from the other royalties to be spent prodigally by each in turn.

"I'm quite willing to give it to Sid," Isolde conceded.

"I hope you're happy now, kid," said Vick. "But what will you do with all that money?"

At no time had Sidney definitely considered such a question. Now she evaded a direct answer. "I won't tell, now!"

"Oh-ho, mysterious! Well, now that this momentous *affaire de famille* is settled, what are you girls going to do this morning?"

"As soon as these dishes are out of the way I'm going to trim that vine on the front wall."

"Oh, Trude, you can't. It's Saturday!"

Trude groaned. Vick laughed naughtily. Saturday—that was the day which the Middletown Branch of the League of American Poets kept for taking visitors to the home of Joseph Romley, the poet. In a little while they would come, in twos and threes and larger groups, slowly, reverently. Isolde, in a straight, vivid smock, with a fillet about her cloudy hair, would meet them at the door of the study.

They would look at Isolde more closely than at the desk and the pens and the old swivel chair. On their way out, they'd peep inquisitively into the front room with its long windows, bared to the light, and the floor looking dustier for the new rug. And they'd say, "How quaint everything is! These old homes have so much atmosphere!"

Of course there could be no trimming the vines though Trude's fingers itched for the task. But the ladies of the League must not find her, earthstained and disheveled in the garden on Saturday.

"Vick dear, you haven't taken your sketching things from Dad's desk," admonished Isolde.

"Good gracious, what if a High Lady Leaguer found my truck on that sacred shrine!" And Vick rushed off for the study.

Trude having gone kitchenward with her dishes, Isolde and Sidney faced one another. Sidney grew awkwardly aware of a constraint in her sister's manner.

"You said you were sick of being different!" Isolde made Sidney's words sound childish. "Well, I don't know just how you can escape it any more than the rest of us can. Look at me. Look at Trude—" Then she shut her lips abruptly over what she had started to say. "What had you planned to do this morning, Sid?"

"I told Nancy Stevens I'd go swimming with her."

"Well—as long as you have claimed a share in our little scheme of life, kitten—perhaps *you'd* better receive the League visitors this morning. I have some letters to write and I want to dye that old silk. Don't forget to enter the date in the register!"

With which astounding command Isolde walked slowly out of the room leaving Sidney with a baffled sense of—in spite of the promise of the Egg—having been robbed of something.

Chapter 2—Rebellion

Not the least of the dissatisfaction that had grown in Sidney's breast was belonging to an Estate.

Since the death of Joseph Romley four years earlier, his daughters had been managed by two trustees who had been college friends of the poet. Sidney, knowing the Trustees only as two brusque busy men—one, a lawyer; the other, a banker—found them lacking in the dramatic qualities a "guardian" is supposed to possess. She resented, too, the Middletown Branch of the League of American Poets, a band of women and a scattering of men who had pledged to foster the art of verse-making.

After her father's death, they had swooped down upon the little household, cleaning and baking and "dearing" the girls, and actually almost living in the house. Isolde and Trude had made no protest but had talked far into the nights in the bed which they shared. Then one morning at breakfast Isolde had announced: "The League has paid the mortgage on this house so that we can keep our home here. It is very good of them—I'm sure I don't know where we could have gone. We must show them how grateful we are." And Sidney had come to know, by example and the rebukes cast her by Isolde, that "show-them" meant living, not as *they* might want to live, but as



Isolde

the League expected the four daughters of a great poet to live. The League wanted to say possessively: "This is Joseph Romley's second daughter" or "That is our lamb who was only ten months old when the poor mother died."

Sidney had to go to Miss Downs' stupid private day school when she would have preferred the Middletown High, simply because Miss Downs, one of the League's Directors, gave her her tuition as a scholarship!

But Sidney had never thought, until Isolde had spoken so strangely a moment before, that her sisters minded either the Trustees or the League or having to be "different." Isolde naturally was everything the League wanted her to be with her grave eyes and cloudy hair. Trude always wanted to oblige every one anyway and Vick was so pretty that it didn't make any difference what she did. Sidney had considered that she was alone in her rebellion.

But Isolde's words of a moment before started a train of thought, now, in Sidney's mind that drove away all joy in the next Egg, that made her even forget her dislike of the duty Isolde had so unexpectedly put upon her. Isolde had distinctly said: "You can't get away from it—look at *me*—look at *Trude*!" And it had sounded queer, bitter, as though somewhere Isolde nursed an unhappy feeling about something. Sidney pondered. But what did Trude dislike? She always *seemed* happy yet maybe *she* wanted something. Sidney remembered once hearing Trude cry terribly hard in the study. She and Dad had been talking at dinner about college. They had come to the door of the study and Dad had said: "It can't be done, sonny." That's what Dad had always called Trude. That was probably it. Trude had wanted college. That seemed silly too. Sidney who hated lessons but it was too bad to have good old Trude want anything.

Isolde hadn't included Vick, but then Vick *couldn't* want anything. She wasn't afraid to fly in the faces of the whole League and they wouldn't mind if she did. She was as clever as she was pretty. She could take the old dresses which the trustee's wives, and Mrs. Deering whom Isolde had visited in Chicago and Godmother Jocelyn sent every now and then and make the stunningest new dresses.

Vick had whole processions of beaus who came and crowded in the chairs in the front room, while she talked to them or played for them. Isolde's few beaus were not noisy and jolly like Vick's. They usually read to Isolde verses of their own or made her read them some of Dad's. Maybe, Sidney thought, Isolde did not like beaus who were poets—liked Vick's kind of men better.

Trude had only had one beau and Sidney had never seen him because Trude had had him when she was visiting Aunt Edith White. Trude and Isolde had whispered a great deal about him. Then a letter had come that had made Trude

look all queer and Isolde, after she had read it, had gone to Trude and put her arms around her neck and Isolde only did a thing like that when something dreadful happened. Sidney had hoped that she might find the letter lying around somewhere so carelessly that she could be pardoned for reading it but though she had looked everywhere she had never found it. She had had to piece together Trude's romance with her agile imagination.

There had been a disturbing ring of finality to Isolde's "You can't get away from it," that seemed almost to slap Sidney in the face. Would they *always*—at least she and Isolde and Trude, Vick would manage to escape somehow—be bound down there in the "quaint" bare house with the ladies of the League of Poets coming and going and owning them body and soul? What was to prevent such a fate?

"What are you doing, mooning there in the window?" cried Vick from the open door. "Where's Isolde?"

"Isolde's writing letters. Then she's going to dye something."

"On Saturday!"

"Yes. I'm going to receive the League visitors today."

"YOU!" Victoria went off into such a peal of laughter that she had to lean against the door frame. "Oh—how funny! What's *ever* in the air today?"

"I don't know why it's so funny. I'm—"

"Fifteen. So you are. But bless me, child, the Leaguers will never accept you in a middy blouse and pigtails. What's Isolde *thinking* of? And you look *much* too plump! Now—" But Sidney stalked haughtily past her tormentor into the hall.

Vick's bantering, however, had stung her. The old clock on the stair landing chiming out the approaching hour of the League visitors warned Sidney that there was not time to change her middy with its faded collar; not to wind the despised pig tails around her head in the fashion Mrs. Milliken called "so beautifully quaint." Anyway, if there were all the time in the world she would not do it. She'd begin right now being her own self and not something that League wanted her to be because she was a poet's daughter!

But as an unmistakable wave of chattering from without struck her ear her fine defiance left her. At the gate stood Mrs. Milliken and a strange woman. Behind them, in twos, stretched a long queue of girls about her own age, all wearing trim serge dresses with white collars.

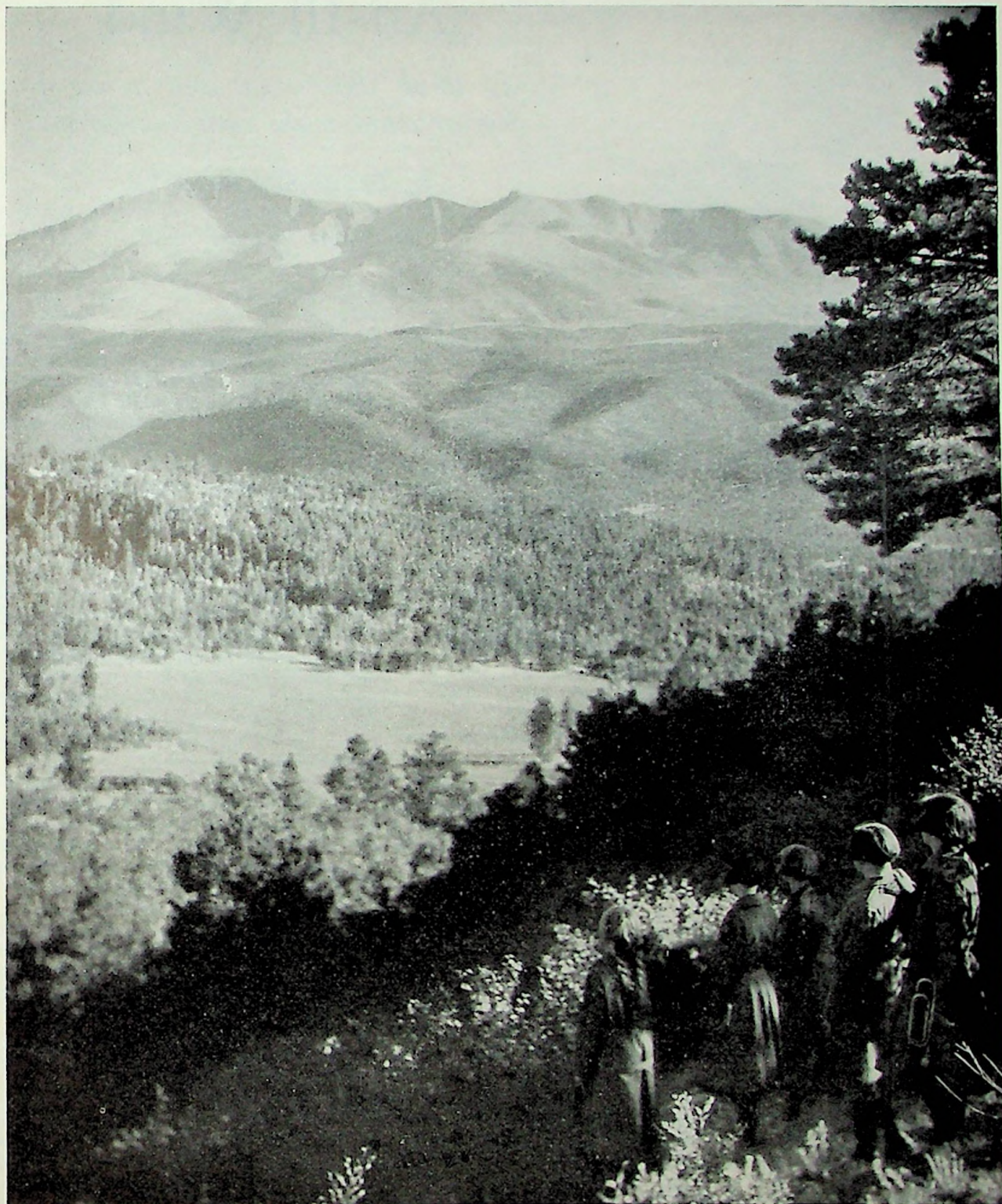
Sidney's heart gave a tremendous bound. It was most certainly a boarding school! She forgot her middy and the hated pig tails and threw open the door. Mrs. Milliken's voice came to her: "He died on April tenth, nineteen-eighteen. He had just written that sonnet to the West Wind. He bought this house when he came to Middletown but he made it his as though he'd lived in it all his life. We have left it exactly as it was when he was with us." Then they all

came walking slowly toward the house.

(Cont. on p. 30)



"Say," exclaimed the Boarding School girl impulsively, "if you don't like it here, why don't you come to Grace Hall?"



Colorado Springs Girl Scouts photographed by Laura Gilpin

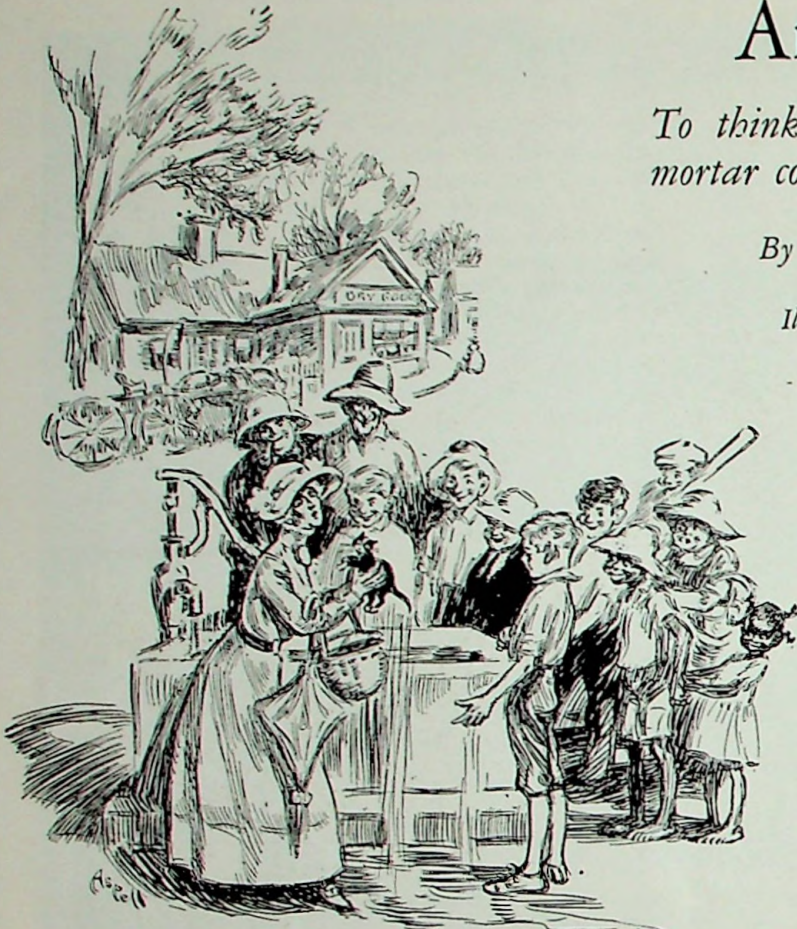
*It is to give our girls moments
such as these that we are raising
our Building and Budget Fund*

An Ill Wind

To think that a cat and a box of mortar could make such a difference

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrations by Seddie Asbell



Miss Charlotte stopped with an amazed and angry exclamation

THE wind rose suddenly. The October day had dawned clear and bright, the air was warm, the trees still wore all their handsome clothes. Miss Charlotte Davis was happy. But the wind changed everything.

In the early morning, Miss Charlotte bustled about with the pleasant energy which October inspires. She traveled from the kitchen, in the east wall of which there was a great hole, into the sitting room, in which there was a bay window which commanded a view of four squares of Main Street and the whole of Dean Street. In the kitchen she encouraged her faithful maid, Annie Lyle, who was always unhappy when there were workmen in the house. In the opinion of both Miss Charlotte and Annie, the Davisville workmen were intolerably slow and inefficient.

"Life is short," Miss Charlotte would say in her clear, decided little voice. "Here am I, sixty-five"—Miss Charlotte felt no foolish sensitiveness about her age—"here am I, sixty-five, with no family depending on me, yet I have never found a moment to be idle."

"Yes, Ma'am," the carpenter or mason would agree, stopping his work entirely while he gazed at Miss Charlotte with admiration.

This morning the mason had been especially aggravating and Miss Charlotte had reproved him. When one has to manage all one's affairs, one has to speak positively. There was no doubt that the mason had been very trying.

"Well, John!" Miss Charlotte knew every man, woman and child in the village. "Why in the world did you put your mortar-box right before the front door instead of in the alley? It is in everybody's way!"

The mason scratched his head and looked up amiably. His mistake seemed to amuse him.

"That certainly is so, but I never thought of it. I never remembered the alley at all. My wife"—he laid down his trowel—"my wife'll certainly laugh when I tell her. My wife says what does Miss Charlotte have her house made larger for, anyhow?"

Miss Charlotte had turned and walked away. An answer would lead to another question and another question to another answer and so on forever. Besides, at this moment Miss Charlotte had no answer to give. She was having her kitchen made larger because it had occurred to her that it could easily be made larger—that was all. Annie Lyle was used to it and satisfied with it in its present condition, Miss Charlotte was not inconvenienced in the least, and there was no one else to whom it would make any difference. It would only make the house a little better for whatever stranger bought it when Miss Charlotte was gone.

Stepping briskly across the kitchen and leaving John at his work, Miss Charlotte went into the sitting-room and sat down with some sewing in the bay window. Miss Charlotte never sat long at anything. She would presently see some one passing who would like some asters and dahlias from her garden, or she would remember that she had promised a cup of jelly to old Mrs. Vanderslice, or she would call in the little Gates boy and the little Ross boy and tell them that such quarrelling as they engaged in was horrible, accompanying her remarks with the present of a few cookies to each. Such activity as Miss Charlotte's would have worn out the mason in a day.

Sometimes Miss Charlotte would start from her chair and go into the shadows at the back of the room and peer out as though she were spying upon some one. It was always the same person at whom she looked in this strange way, a straight, handsome young man who sailed rapidly by, now on horseback, now on foot, with never a glance in Miss Charlotte's direction. It could not be that Miss Charlotte cherished any loverlike admiration for the young man, even though at sight of him her breath came in short gasps and her cheeks flushed crimson. If the two could have been observed side by side, a circumstance which was never likely to happen, it would have been at once apparent that there was a resemblance between them. Their gray eyes looked out with the same clear, direct glance and they moved with the same spirited, brisk step.

As a matter of fact, the young man was Miss Charlotte's only surviving relative, the son of her only brother. Miss Charlotte had had a large share in his bringing up, since his mother was fond of traveling and was often away, and she loved him as much as she could possibly love any child of her own. Contrary to the usual methods of aunts

with nephews, she had not spoiled him. She had lived long enough to observe the unfortunate legacies sometimes passed from one generation to another. Charles had had an ancestor on his mother's side whose willful temper had ruined his life and whom he resembled in disposition. Miss Charlotte determined that no such ill should befall her boy if love and training in self-control could save him.

But when Charles was thirteen years old, friendly relations between them suddenly ended. Walking one Saturday morning to the village square, dressed and gloved in white, her white parasol in her hand, Miss Charlotte beheld a crowd gathered about the stone watering trough. It was composed chiefly of boys, with a few of the towns older ne'er-do-wells at the edge. Miss Charlotte glanced idly in their direction, then moved on her busy way. She was planning a Sunday dinner which Charles would like, she was planning a journey to the city where a long-desired bicycle was to be bought for Charles, she was planning also to surprise Charles with some new books. Her mind was always full of Charles and his desires.

Then, suddenly, Miss Charlotte was interrupted in her pleasant meditations. There was the sound of a tiny, weak little cry. Standing still, she pricked up her ears. She was fond of pets, especially of kittens, and the cry sounded like that of a very young kitten. Moreover, it was a distressed cry; some danger more terrifying than mere hunger threatened an offspring of the tribe which she loved.

Miss Charlotte looked about her. Sometimes a kitten got caught between the palings of a fence. But there was no fence at hand. When the cry sounded again, she could tell its direction—it issued from the center of the crowd gathered about the watering trough.

Miss Charlotte did not stop to make her way round the square, muddy after last night's rain, but stepped straight across the gutter into a mud puddle, not remembering even to lift her long skirts. Into the crowd she pushed, and there stopped with an amazed and angry exclamation.

"Charles!" she cried. "This is not *you*, Charles!"

It must be confessed that it was Charles. In the water was a kitten, struggling frantically to clamber out; it was Charles who pushed the kitten back each time her feet secured a hold.

Every one in Davisville knew Miss Charlotte and every one knew Charles. If Miss Charlotte had proceeded in any other way than the way in which she did proceed, Davisville would have been surprised. Regardless of immaculate gloves, Miss Charlotte lifted the kitten from the trough, and put it, all wet and dripping into her pretty basket and shut the lid upon it. Then with her strong little hands, Miss Charlotte seized her nephew and shook him. The shaking was not very severe, though it was as severe as Miss Charlotte could make it, but to young Charles, a moment ago the center of an admiring crowd, it was too ignominious and disgraceful to be borne. He forgot that his own conscience had reproached him for obeying the urgings of the older boys to a deed which he knew to be cruel; he looked his kind Aunt Charlotte in the face as the crowd slunk away, and made a foolish threat.

"You'll be sorry!" cried the angry Charles. "I'll never come to your house again!"

"Nonsense!" said Miss Charlotte. "Nonsense!"

But nonsense and wicked nonsense as it was, Charles kept his word. The Sunday dinner was prepared, but no Charles appeared; the bicycle was sent out from the city, but Charles did not ride it; the books were placed upon his shelves but he did not read them. His mother remonstrated with him

mildly, according to her custom, but he said that he had passed his word. His mother said languidly to Miss Charlotte that Charles was a little like Grandfather Bemis.

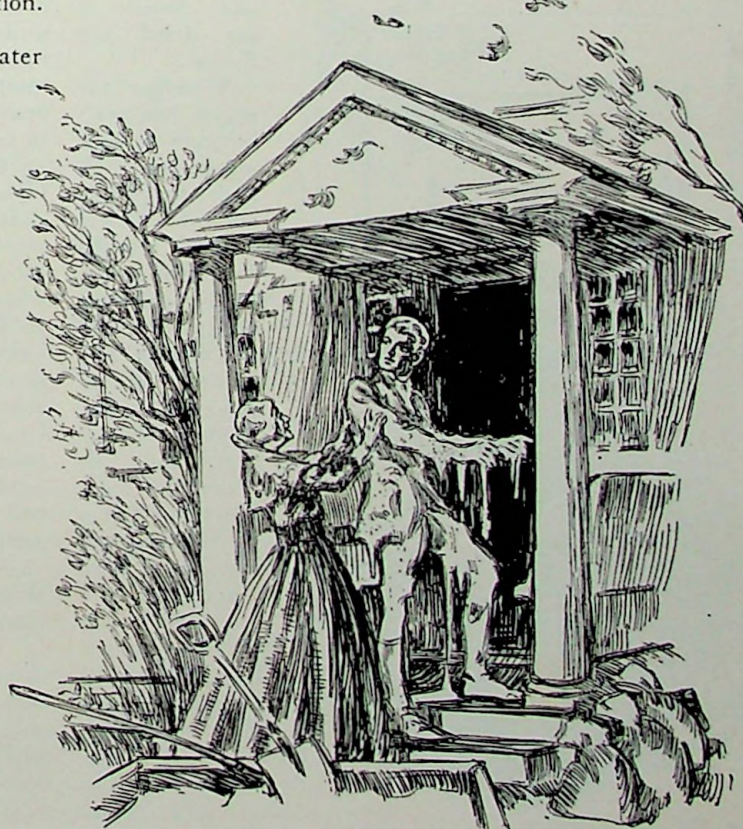
Once Miss Charlotte appealed to him herself, but he would not answer her. For a while she hoped and prayed that he would relent, but finally she only prayed. Miss Charlotte knew the character of Grandfather Bemis.

In the fall Charles went to preparatory school and then to college and then to a law school. Most of his vacations were spent elsewhere, only once or twice in ten years did his aunt catch a glimpse of him. After each glimpse she was pale and miserable for days. She never approached him again. There was a tradition in the family that the only way to deal with Grandfather Bemis was to let him alone.

In ten years Charles came back to Davisville to live. Miss Charlotte, walking to town, saw in bright gold letters on the black ground of a sign in an office window "Charles Davis, Attorney at Law," and standing in the office with his back to the window a tall figure which she knew. Miss Charlotte gave one look, then hurried home, forgetting her errand.

"Surely he will come now!" said Miss Charlotte with tears.

But Charles did not come. He nodded to her pleasantly upon the few occasions when they met in public, but that was all. Davisville had changed since his boyhood and the circle to which he naturally belonged was a different one from that in which Miss Charlotte moved. Business men from the city had settled in the village and with their young people Charles made friends. There was one young lady with whom he went about to whom, rumor said presently, he was engaged. When strangers asked Miss Charlotte about the engagement, she said with heightened color that she did not know—it was hard to tell about these young people. Usually newcomers did not suspect



"Oh, Charles!" wailed Miss Charlotte. "Come in quickly!"

that she and Charles were related. To herself as she watched the young people ride by, she said that rumor was probably right. Then Miss Charlotte wept.

"Here is this house with all the linen and silver and all this heavy furniture that everybody prizes now—who is to have it?"

Sometimes Miss Charlotte made improvements in her house, but they were no more than started before she grew tired of them. Her loneliness was slowly but certainly embittering her gentle spirit.

Now, sitting for a few moments in her bay window in the pleasant October morning, Miss Charlotte looked up suddenly, then dropped her sewing. Already the wind had wrought a change in the face of nature. The yellow maple leaves, hanging a moment ago motionless on their stems, turned and twinkled in the breeze, then their autumn procession to the ground began. Between her house and that of the Scotts, which Charles visited so often, a thick shower was falling. Miss Charlotte was weather-wise and she knew that though the sun shone brightly an easterly storm impended. Now easterly storms brought Miss Charlotte rheumatism and shut her up in the house—she hated them. She suddenly remembered also with dismay the great hole in the kitchen wall opening to the east!

Regretting that she had ever dreamed of enlarging her kitchen, Miss Charlotte flew to bid the mason hurry.

"John!" she cried before she reached the kitchen door. "We are going to have rain! You—"

Miss Charlotte stopped. No John was to be seen.

"He's went, Ma'am," said Annie Lyle. "He said he remembered something he forgot."

"He remembered something he forgot!" repeated Miss Charlotte. "What lunacy! An easterly storm is coming and here is this hole!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Annie.

"You must go and find him and bring him back!"

"If I can," said Annie as she dried her hands.

Whether the mason had really gone to seek something he had forgotten or whether, having worked for two hours, he felt the need of rest, he did not return. The golden leaves fell in thicker showers, the air grew cool; already Miss Charlotte felt a warning pain in her left arm. Gazing at one moment out through the hole in the wall toward the alley, looking through the bay window up and down the street the next, Miss

Charlotte traveled nervously and miserably through her house.

In one of her trips to the bay window she saw that the Scott's groom was leading out Miss Ellen's horse and tying him to the hitching post. Usually when that happened, Charles Davis might be seen approaching from the other direction upon his spirited Bessie, and he and Ellen Scott would ride away together. Sometimes they went into the open country, sometimes they passed Miss Charlotte's house. If Ellen Scott knew that a relationship existed between her Charles and Miss Charlotte, she must know also that it was neither close nor affectionate.

Miss Charlotte was prepared for the sound of galloping feet which promptly resounded from the direction of the square. Bessie was far too spirited, Miss Charlotte thought. Anxiety about Charles's safety and dreary grief over Charles's alienation added themselves now to the discomfort produced by the east wind.

Then, suddenly, Miss Charlotte uttered a shrill and terrified scream. She saw that Ellen Scott too was approaching the corner on foot from Dean Street. Evidently she and Charles were to meet by chance and not by appointment. But it was not Ellen's approach which made Miss Charlotte scream. A dearer object, now in danger, was the source of Miss Charlotte's anguish. For once the spirited Bessie had got beyond the control of her young master. She was galloping wildly and all Charles's frantic pulling could not hold her in.

Miss Charlotte screamed again. The east wind created a small whirlpool of yellow leaves directly in the path of Bessie, then lifted them into her face. At once she stopped short and her master flew over her head.

With a horrified shriek, Miss Charlotte rushed to the door. Charles would be killed! Miss Charlotte anticipated a terrible calamity.

And Miss Charlotte beheld a calamity, but not of the sort which she anticipated. She saw no still, lifeless form, battered by contact with the hard curb, she beheld instead a dripping, ludicrous figure, rising, like some strange monster, from a white and creamy sea. Straight into the mortar box had Bessie flung her rider. Fortunately head and eyes had escaped, but the rest of Charles was drowned in mortar.

"Oh, Charles!" wailed Miss Charlotte. "Dear Charles! Come in quickly!"

It was clear, in spite of Charles's strange disguise, that mortification and shame were his first emotions. He turned his head from side to side as one will after a fall to see whether there are spectators. But he did not advance.

"I can't!" said he. "I can't!"

With a bound Miss Charlotte was beside him. Ellen Scott was at hand, in another second she would see her lover in his ridiculous plight. The mind which had guided Charles in his youth and which had tried so hard to overcome Grandfather Bemis was still active.

"You will!" And Miss Charlotte led him up the steps and into the vestibule, poor Charles shedding masses of mortar as he moved.

Then Miss Charlotte closed the door, herself outside. What further ignominy he had escaped was made plain to Charles by her clear tones.

"You mean Charles Davis, Miss Scott?" thus said Aunt Charlotte outside the door. "Why, no, he is not hurt! Not at all. He's here. You saw Bessie riderless? No, indeed, there's nothing the matter with Charles. Bessie will go back to the stable, I guess. Are not—" Miss Charlotte had never realized her power of self-control, not to say dissimulation. "Are not masons trying? I'm sorry to have had you see these steps! Not at all, Miss Scott!"

(Continued on page 37)



Helpless with laughter, she leaned against the door

The Founder of the Girl Scouts

Sends you a birthday message

The birthday of our Founder, Mrs. Juliette Low, is celebrated each year as Girl Scout Founder's Day. It is truly delightful that the date is that of Hallowe'en: October 31st. Every troop at this time honors Founder's Day with a special program and by giving some one service to Scouting. This birthday message of Mrs. Low's suggests what that service may be this year. Anna Hempstead Branch, one of America's loveliest poets, has written a dedication for our new Headquarters which may be your troop's tribute to Mrs. Low and the great movement of which she is the Founder.



Mrs. Juliette Low, Founder of the Girl Scouts

DEAR GIRL SCOUTS: It seems only yesterday that I sent a message to you on my birthday for birthdays come around very quickly when one is old! And much has happened since October 31st, 1923.

To me, one of the most important and interesting events of all the year just past is the purchase of our new National Girl Scout Headquarters. I am like the old woman who lived in the shoe! And now the shoe has become too small for the many children and we must have a building that will be large enough for us all.

At this birthday time of mine, it has been your custom to have Founder's Day programs in your troops. It has been an inspiring thought to me to imagine these troop meetings of yours, Girl Scouts ready to do your share in this splendid Scouting of ours.

This year we have before us a most important task, that of helping to raise money for our own National Headquarters. Our Committees, our Commissioners, our Officers are busy with plans for this. But what, you ask, can Girl Scouts do? A great deal. You may stand ready to give service when you are called upon. But most of all you may constantly show the older friends of Scouting how much it means to you to be a Girl Scout.

Our older friends are being asked to buy bricks for our new Headquarters that they, too, may have a real share in our building. These bricks will cost ten dollars apiece and we are hoping that many of our friends will wish to buy more than one brick. You may be sure that your Commissioner, your Captain, your father and mother will be far more interested in buying these bricks if they know that you are interested in having them do it.

Yes, our National Campaign Committee needs the help of us all. And to raise the money which we need we must apply the Scout spirit, that rare and precious quality which enables a Girl Scout to accomplish anything she undertakes to do.

I am thinking of you today and in spirit I am with you. On Hallowe'en which is my own birthday, I shall be joining in your games with you. For it cheers me to think that the Founder's Day of the Girl Scouts and All Hallowe'en which brings us so many charming games are so associated. For Scouting is a game, too.

I hope that during the coming year we shall all remember the rules of this Scouting game of ours. They are:

*To play fair
To play in your place
To play for your side and not for yourself.*

As to the score, the best thing in a game is the fun and not the result for

*"When the Great Recorder comes
To write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost
But how you played the game."*

Girl Scouts, I salute you.

Your friend and founder,

Juliette Low

Linoleum cuts by
Nancy Cochran

JEAN SPARKING was a real, honest-to-goodness woods girl, there was no doubting that. She could pick a trail through a bush that might have led many an experienced woodsman in circles and she could shape a wonderfully accurate course through dense wilderness by distant sky-line ridges. She could tell by the manner in which the bark was peeled from the moose maple whether it had been done by a broad-toothed bull or sharp-toothed cow. She loved the green woods and all its wild, furtive creatures and in living near them and observing them she learned their ways. She could pick out, quite as easily as any bear or coon, the succulent roots of Jack-in-the-pulpits and the spicy tendrils of the wild sarsaparilla and no family of water-loving coons, noisy foxes or lumbering porcupines could take up house in any new locality without Jean's knowing something about it.

Jean's father, the game warden of the district, chuckled at his daughter's love for the wild and spent many a delightful hour with her in the woods.

The winter was long and cold in that never-to-be-forgotten year and Jean thought that the spring would never come. But it did come at last—as all springs do, no matter how long and cold the winter—and the sky soon became clouded with myriads of clanging waterfowl returning from the southland. Came pintails—gold eyes—green-winged teals, wood-ducks and snipe.

But far ahead of all these, boisterously eager to reach the land they loved, soared close-ranked squadrons of misty-white forms—trumpeter swans. Cutting through the heavens with the thundering speed of express trains these noisy flocks overtook the slower moving tide of winter and got caught in the relentless grip of a late snowstorm. It was always thus with the ghostly flyers. Fearfully anxious to reach the blue lagoons of their beloved north land they dropped on the frozen swamps to feed and became helpless victims of vicious storms.

For two days and a night Jean and her father combed



Filling the stillness with their mournful cries, the other loons sailed around the newcomer

Gold Eye, the Loon

By WILLIAM MACMILLAN

*The story of a girl,
a bird and a forest fire*

the icy shores of the river, picking up the exhausted travelers and tucking them into a flannel-lined woodbox behind the stove.

Thereafter the little cabin on the river became a regular nursing home and no babies could have received more care and attention than did those dozen or so of misty-feathered wanderers. But despite all her efforts Jean failed to tame a single swan. No sooner did they regain sufficient strength to raise their long, graceful necks then they would poke at her with their wide, yellow bills and stare at her with those cold, unblinking eyes of theirs.

When finally Jean's father opened the door and chased them onto the little beach, they took to the air with whistling wings and shot northward without so much as a single backward glance.

Then came the loons—those flyers of lonely places. Jean could never tell just when they dropped out of the sky, yet there they were one morning, a full dozen of them, round-headed, white-breasted, sable-backed swimmers of incomparable grace. From the high, flat-topped rock that Jean called the "Look Out" she could see the graceful creatures preen their glistening feathers in the golden sunlight and scratch each other's ears. Even as the girl watched them, every movement was stilled and the low, black bodies seemed to sink deeper in the water. Then came a soft mournful cry from the heavens, the hissing of broad wings, and an exquisitely-colored loon, his spotted chest and sable back gleaming in the sunlight, shot down into the water beside them.

Jean held her breath. She had never seen such a wonderful looking bird, the white spots on his bulging chest showed white as driven snow and his banded neck and well-oiled wings dripped water like showers of gleaming gold.

Filling the stillness with their mournful cries the other loons sailed gracefully around and around the newcomer, poking him gently with their sharp bills and giving every

indication of being glad to see him. Then a dog barked somewhere down in the valley and a man whistled. Instantly came a prodigious splashing of short-beamed wings, a rush of bullet-swift, black-and-white projectiles, and the flock, paralleling the water a foot or so above its surface, shot across the river and into the forest—all but the newcomer. Lashing the water into soapy foam he tried desperately to hoist his heavy body into the air and follow his startled comrades.

Rooted to the spot in sheer astonishment Jean breathlessly watched the titanic struggle. But when she saw the gorgeous bird suddenly fall over on his side in sheer weariness and the water about him run red with blood she raced down the beach with a low cry, stepped into a canoe, and paddled swiftly out to the wounded bird.

Panic stricken at the girl's approach the big loon increased his struggles to rise and even tried to dive under the boat. But his strength was too far gone and he could hardly give a kick as Jean lifted his wet, quivering body into the canoe and brought him back to the shore.

Jean could have cried in anger and shame when she had laid her patient in the big box behind the stove and examined the terribly wounded thigh. How long and far the poor fellow had flown with that charge of buckshot in his leg is, of course, hard to say. But it must have covered a period of not less than two days and two nights because the migratory route of the loons lay across a waste of unnavigatable marshes for about that length of time.

Between them Jean and her father bandaged the cruelly shattered limb and set it in a crude sort of splint. Lying on his back throughout the painful half hour the loon made no sound though Jean could see the flutter of his heart under the gorgeous feathers of his chest and the mortal anguish in his golden eyes.

In the days that followed, Gold Eye, for that was the name that Jean promptly gave him, learned to know his benefactress and look for her approach. Wriggling his black bill under her hand he would flick it up till she consented to stroke the top of his rounded, glossy head.

The healing of that terrible wound was a long and tedious affair. The whole home-life of both Jean and her father centered around the wounded loon. He demanded a great deal of petting and nursing and both humans seemed quite willing to humor his every whim. By June, however, Jean considered that he was well enough to be returned to his native element—so back to the water he went.

Never will the woodsgirl forget that ecstatic moment. The instant the lovely bird

felt the cool waters press about him he flapped his wings joyously, plunged his head under the surface, and sent hurtling into the stillness of the woods the haunting call of his kindred. From far up the river came an answering note, a mournful cry of welcome. Driving himself into the air the loon shot up into the heavens and started upstream. As Jean watched her black and white feathered friend disappear in the distance she felt a strain at her heart-strings for she recalled with a pang of sorrow that it wasn't so very long ago that the swans too had left her in this self same way and had never come back.

Now Jean must be forgiven if her heart grew hard at the memory of it, for how was she to know that Gold Eye would return and return in time to render them both an unbelievable service?

No man or woman on the north shore of the St. Lawrence will ever forget that hot, dry summer of 1916. Day followed day in an endless procession of parched hours. The grass in the valleys was withered to its very roots and the moss of the cedar swamps faded into tawny yellow; even the everlasting green of the pines changed from green to gray and from gray to brown.

Far down the valley, close to the south bank of Gull River, ten hundred men hacked their way through the tangled wilderness and laid the lines of a coming railway. A forgotten fire—a puff of dry wind—and the woods were ablaze.

No man who has not actually witnessed a forest fire close on the heels of a protracted dry spell can visualize the terrific speed of the roaring flames and the awful danger of any man or beast in their wake.

For days and nights the flames ate through the parched forest, destroying in a few hours time the growth of a hundred years. The sky was blurred and dark with yellowed smoke. The sun blazed full and hot like a ball of melting gold and the air was thick with those fine, pungent smells peculiar to a forest fire.

Far up in the hills Jean and her father felt certain that the fire fiend, unable to leap the river, would pass them by unharmed. But none can tell what a forest fire will do. It must have been late during the third night that the wind shifted suddenly and veered around to the south, setting ablaze the fringe of woods along the opposite river bank. An hour later the narrow mountain trail, the only way for Jean and her father to retreat from the hills, burst into crackling flame.

Then from up the river, bursting through the clouds of smoke and red-tongued



Gold Eye learned to know his benefactress and look for her approach

(Cont. on page 42)

The brand-new Girl Scout play



This simple stage set may be made with beaver board

Magic Gold Pieces

A play in one act published in two parts

By MARGARET MOCHRIE

Designs by Aurelie Asten

Cast

LINDA
JANE
CONNIE
ANN
HESTER
SUE
THE STRANGER
JERRY, a Bird

Girl Scouts

TIME: A Saturday afternoon in the autumn or spring, whichever you wish.

PLACE: The main room of a small cottage.

Scene I

AS THE curtain rises, you are supposed to see a sunny room which seems absolutely deserted except for a canary. Even he is quiet. The only sound is the regular ticking of the old clock which hangs on the right wall.

The door, center-back, is open and so are the casement windows on either side of it. Just outside the door, running out from the sill which is on a level with the ground, is a pebbly path. This goes straight ahead a few paces to a row of pink hollyhocks—that is, if you are imagining the play as in the spring. The hollyhocks hide the picket fence at the end of the garden. At the fence, the path turns abruptly to the right and runs past the window parallel to the house, just avoiding a collision with a gnarled apple tree whose green branches and bent trunk can be seen against the hazy blue sky. If you are imagining everything as happening in the fall, just change hollyhocks to a hedge and put fall clothes on the apple tree.

Inside, against the right wall of the room is a cupboard, with plates set up on end on the shelves and cups and bowls arranged neatly in front of them. Beside the cupboard and under the clock is a row of wooden pegs on one of which hangs a flowered bag. In the left wall is a door leading, presumably, to another part of the house. Under the right

hand window is a cushioned seat and under the left, a rocking chair in which is what appears to be a large red and white cushion.

In the center of the room stands a table spread with a green and white cloth. On it are flowers in a large bowl, a wooden basin containing some apples and a yellow earthenware dish beside which lies a knife. Nearby is a half peeled apple. Chairs are on either side of the table and in front of it is a sturdy wooden bench.

Are you wondering how you can ever have such a stage-set on your stage? You need not. For I have told you this to imagine! Actually, your scenery will be most simple. Either a stage setting like the one in the picture, made of beaver-board or your background will be of hangings or screens. You will have furniture, of course. The canary and the clock will be there and so will the doorway at the back. The rest you will see "in your mind's eye."

THE VOICE: Linda, oh, Linda!

(The clock ticks steadily, and the audience is beginning to believe that the room is quite empty, when suddenly the red and white pillow in the rocking-chair stirs, and two white-stockinged legs, led by two flat black slippers, stretch lazily toward the floor. Two arms move slowly forward, stretching like the legs, and then a tousled black head lifts itself from the cushioned back of the chair.)

THE GIRL IN THE RED AND WHITE DRESS (rising and going toward the door as she calls): Here I am, Jane. (Jane enters. She is a girl of Linda's age, about twelve, with long, blonde braids)

JANE: Well, aren't you ready?

LINDA: Ready for what?

JANE (reproachfully): Do you mean to say you've forgotten again!

LINDA (calmly): I must have. Did I promise to do anything?

JANE: Don't you know that tonight is the fair, and we must get the booth decorated and the things arranged before eight o'clock?

LINDA (*seating herself*): Oh, is that all?

JANE (*impatiently*): Linda, you are careless! We expected you to help.

LINDA: I'm sorry. I can't. I feel very lazy this afternoon. Mother and the children went to Oakdale, and the house is so quiet without them that I must have fallen asleep. Even Jerry, over there, hasn't made a sound. Besides, I really ought to peel those apples and stew them for supper.

JANE: Peel them now, and let them cook while you're out.

LINDA (*leaning back luxuriously*): I don't believe I want to do a thing but sit here. (*Sighs contentedly and stretches.*) It's so comfortable.

JANE (*resignedly*): All right. Give me your donation, then, and I'll take it down.

LINDA: I haven't any donation. I began to embroider a towel, but I haven't nearly finished it.

JANE: Oh, Linda! You *did* promise to give something. You know you did.

LINDA: I know. But there's nothing to do about it now. I'm sorry, Jane, really I am.

JANE: Everybody's giving something. Doris made a dyed scarf and stenciled a table-cover. She's going to get her Scout Badge for Craftsmanship soon. Ann's giving us some of her fresh vegetables to sell. Gertrude will do some folk-dances, and Hester made cookies and biscuits to go with the lemonade and coffee that Helen's going to serve.

LINDA: Perhaps, if mother gets home in time, she'll bake you a cake. She doesn't mind cooking.

JANE: No. We want everything we sell at the Scout booth to be our very own. Then we'll feel we've really helped lay out the new park in the village.

LINDA: I'll go down tonight and help wait on customers, if you want me to.

JANE: Yes, but—Is that your sewing-bag over there?

LINDA: Yes.

JANE (*going toward the bag that hangs under the clock*): May I look in it? Perhaps there's just one thing you *could* finish by tonight, if you hurry a little.

LINDA: Look, if you wish. But there's nothing there that I care about working on. I hate to hurry, anyway.

JANE (*takes the bag down and sits on a chair at the right of the table, rummaging through unfinished pieces of work*): Some of these are awfully pretty, Linda. The design on this apron is worked in lovely colors. Here's a baby's jacket, too, with the *finest* stitches! You sew as well as Lucia, and she won a Needlewoman's Badge last year. Why don't you try for one?

LINDA: I started to. But I didn't bother to go on.

JANE: Don't you ever finish anything, Linda?

LINDA: Sometimes, when I want to. (*Goes over to the chair at the left of the table, sits down, and finishes peeling the apple. After*

she has put it into the bowl, she begins on another.)

JANE (*pulling things out of the bag*): What a beautiful handkerchief! We could easily sell that. But the lace is only sewed along one side.

LINDA: I gave up doing that because I hate sewing on lace.

JANE (*discovering a blue and white shirt*): What's this? A man's shirt?

LINDA: Yes. I was going to give it to father for his birthday last winter.

JANE (*examining it*): It's finished, too, all except the buttons. French seams, tucks, overcast armholes, and even buttonholes. You could sew the buttons on in a jiffy, only I'm afraid it wouldn't sell at the fair. Men's shirts aren't as popular as fancy work. (*Puts everything back in the bag and lays it on the table.*) It's too bad, when you know how to sew like this, that you don't get a badge.

LINDA: Too much trouble. (*Voices are heard outside.*)

LINDA: Isn't that Sue's voice I hear? And Ann's?

JANE: Probably. They and Hester and Connie were to call for me here.

LINDA: There are some little cakes in that jar on the second shelf of the cupboard. Will you put them on a plate? Mother said we might eat them this afternoon if we were hungry.

(*Jane goes to the cupboard for the cakes. Linda finishes peeling her apple and goes back toward her comfortable chair. Sue, Hester, Connie and Ann come in. They are carrying baskets. As soon as they have entered, Linda seats herself.*)

SUE (*dropping on the window-seat*): My, it was hot coming down the road! You look so cool, Linda. How do you manage it?

JANE (*laughing*): Because she's lazy. Lazy Linda would be a fine nickname for her.

LINDA (*good-naturadly*): You're just envious because you aren't as comfortable as I am.

CONNIE: You won't be comfortable long, if you come to decorate the booth. I'm sure of that.

LINDA: So am I. And that's why I'm not going.

HESTER: Not going!

LINDA: Not until tonight after the sun's gone down. Have some cakes, won't you, while you're resting? (*They help themselves. Hester passing the plate to Sue.*)

CONNIE: I'm thirsty. Is there any water nearby?

LINDA: In that pitcher over on the cupboard. (*Connie pours some water into a cup and comes back to the table to drink it.*)

HESTER: Do you know what Marion is giving, Jane?

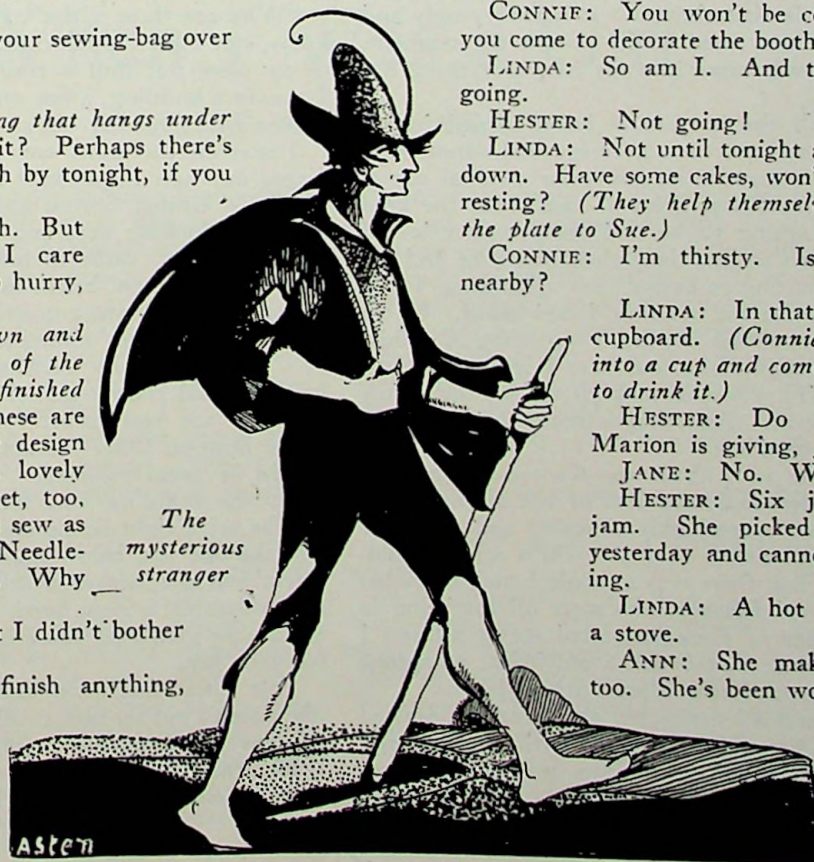
JANE: No. What?

HESTER: Six jars of strawberry jam. She picked the wild berries yesterday and canned them this morning.

LINDA: A hot day to stand over a stove.

ANN: She makes marvelous jam, too. She's been working for her Canner's Badge, you know.

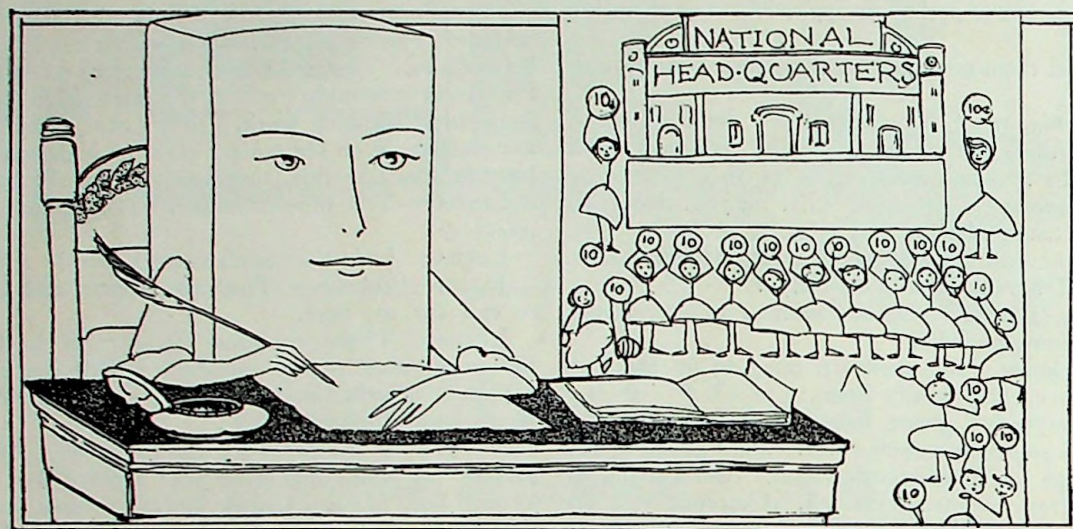
LINDA (*rising indolently to take a cake and going*)
(*Cont. on p. 34*)



The Autobiography of a Red Brick

As told by himself to
BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY

Illustration by Fanny Warren



I NEVER supposed, when I was dug out of the clay pit where I lived with my family, that anything exciting would ever happen to me. But what has happened is so wonderful that I have decided to ask a friend of mine to write it all down, so every one can read it.

Until the day when that spade cut under me and ruthlessly tore me from my family and friends, I had thought I would always live in that clay pit. It was very ugly and hot in there, but I was used to it. From the moment, however, that the spade came into my life, everything has been very different.

I will not tell all the horrors of being turned into a brick; suffice it to say that it is a trying and often painful experience and a grave disappointment awaited me at the end. You see there was a lot of talk about the kind of brick you were going to be and there was a lot of feeling too, and when at last the ordeal was over and we were all piled up waiting to be put into a building, I was pretty well fed up with the nonsense I had heard. In the first place, I had made set my heart on being a yellow brick; it is such a stylish color and here I was red! Just a plain red brick. That sort of took all the joy out of my life—it seemed forever. And that is really why the talk about buildings sickened me.

The bricks in the row about me wanted to be in a store building, so they could see lots of life all day; the two bricks on my left were highly educated and felt their lives would be ruined unless they were in a school building or a library. Then there was a whole bunch of rather frivolous, light colored fellows, who were all for being in a movie house. None of these interested me at all and I was feeling pretty blue, that is for a red brick, when one day the whole brick yard was filled with girls.

Girls of all sizes and all shapes but they were all dressed alike in tan colored something or other with tan hats and looked very neat and trim. Our Boss was taking them around, showing them everything and telling them all about us and how we were made. Of course he didn't dwell on

the horrors—just passed lightly over them.

The girls were thrilled and from their talk, I guessed they were interested in some building that they seemed to be calling their "National Headquarters."

"I hope it will be red," one said.

"So do I," said another, "like this one,"—and would you believe it, she put her hand right on me!

"Who are those girls?" I asked. But no one about me knew, not even the educated ones. Right after that a lot of us were put into a train and the first thing I knew, I was in a building, a fine one too, on a busy street in what looked like a mighty big city.

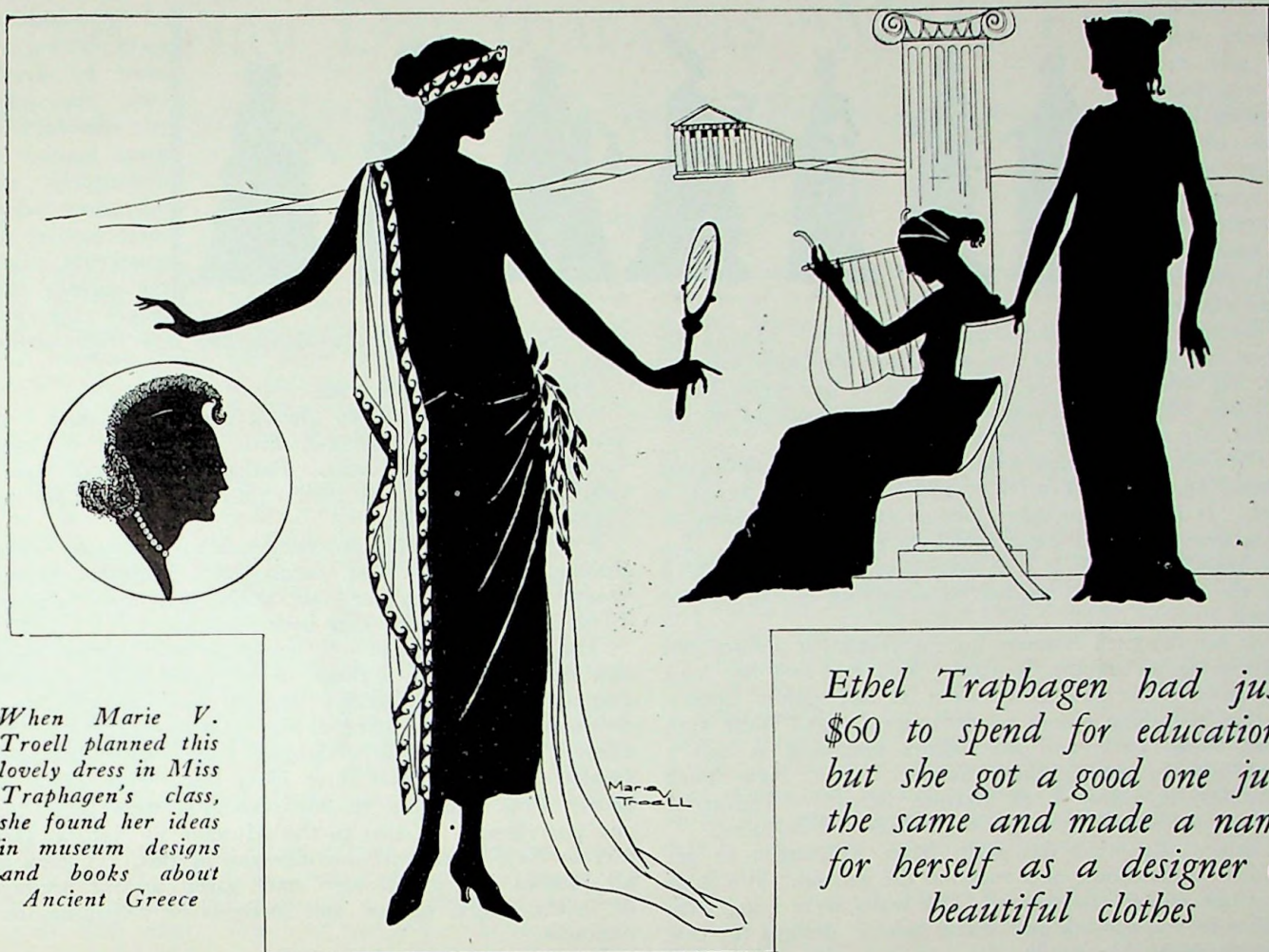
I was on the front and saw a lot going on about me. Every day new bricks kept arriving. They came from all over the United States, and every day girls, dressed all alike and looking neat and trim like the ones that visited the brick yard, came to look at us, and when we didn't have a lot of new bricks and grow taller, they looked so sorry, and went away quietly. But when there were lots of new bricks, they smiled and sang.

It was awfully exciting. Sometimes a whole lot of bricks would come together and then we would all shout, "Where are you from?" and they would answer back, "The State of Ohio" or maybe "Missouri" and then there would be great rejoicing. But still I could not imagine what the building was for.

The brick right beside me said she was a Captain's brick, and the one just below me said she was a Commissioner's brick, and she wished I would keep my feet still! You see whenever a new brick or a bunch of bricks comes, we are so glad that those of us who are in place dance a bit with joy.

Just a few feet away from me is the President's brick. She doesn't put on airs at all, she just dances when we do; I guess the President is all right. Over me is a troop brick, from a village; she says it was hard work for the troop to earn the money to buy her but they did, although

(Continued on page 42)



When Marie V. Troell planned this lovely dress in Miss Traphagen's class, she found her ideas in museum designs and books about Ancient Greece

Ethel Traphagen had just \$60 to spend for education, but she got a good one just the same and made a name for herself as a designer of beautiful clothes

Courtesy of The Evening Sun

"When I Was a Girl"

By ALICE MARY KIMBALL

DO you spend delightful hours before a masquerade party wondering if you'll go as Martha Washington or Pocahontas or Mother Goose?

Would you rather cook up gay, strange costumes for charades and plays than eat?

So! Then you'll understand Ethel Traphagen.

When she was a school girl, she thought clothes were lots of fun. Not her own clothes in particular, either, but clothes in general. If she read *Ivanhoe* or *The Lady of the Lake*, she would stop, as she turned the pages, and wonder how the characters were dressed. What did Rebecca wear? Just how did the knights look in their plumed armor?

She hated to think in history class about battles and campaigns. It was really much jollier to look at the big ruff around Queen Elizabeth's neck. It looked in the picture like a plate, a white plate, with the queen's head on it like an apple. Who could be bothered to memorize all the facts about France in the eighteenth century, when the costumes of both the men and the women at the time were so fascinating? High-heeled slippers, beautiful laces, colors as gay as a pheasant's plumage, frivolous wigs and beauty patches and fans! Martha Washington in her white cap and great, billowing skirts was much more exciting than the siege of Yorktown.

When Ethel went to museums she kept her eyes open. If you go to a museum and look *hard*, you can soon find out how girls of your age dressed in ancient Egypt, in Athens, or in the Middle Ages. It is a nice sort of game.

Young Miss Traphagen considered her interest in historical costumes a mere amusement. She didn't intend to make clothes for a living. Her people, who lived in Nyack, New York, were well-to-do, and a generation ago few daughters worked unless they had to. Drawing was her favorite study. She intended to go abroad and study art.

When she was in her early teens, her parents lost their money.

"Poor girl!" people said. "Whatever will she do without a cent?"

Poor girl indeed! She had sixty dollars in money and many times sixty dollars in spunk. The sixty dollars in money had been given her by an aunt to buy a ring. Instead of buying a ring, she enrolled in the New York Academy of Design and began to learn to draw. She intended to use her artistic talent as a basis for self-support.

Her tuition cost her only \$10. On carfare between Nyack and New York she spent the other \$50.

The next year she made no money at all. So she enrolled in Cooper Union. Cooper Union is a good school

to bear in mind. There any boy or girl can get an equipment for earning a living free of charge. That is, tuition is free, and arrangements can be made whereby a pupil can attend classes part

of the time and hold a job part of the time. Miss Traphagen continued her art education, and also took her first job. It wasn't much of a job so far as pay went, but it gave her valuable training and the first foothold on her career as a designer of clothes.

The job was making fashion drawings for catalogues. It paid \$5.00 a week at first, and a little later \$12.00 a week. It led later to other jobs on fashion magazines, on newspapers, in great pattern-making establishments. Today Miss Traphagen is well known as a designer. She is also the most famous teacher of designing in the United States.

She has designed fashions for the Butterick publications and the Ladies' Home Journal. You can find her book *Costume Design and Illustration* at any public library. She has a fashion school of her own at 200 West 57th Street, New York, and she teaches designing in half a dozen schools, among them Cooper Union, New York University, the New York Evening School of Industrial Art, and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

I talked the other day with Miss Traphagen to get her ideas on designing as a vocation for women. We chatted in one of her classrooms. The walls were hung with sketches in pen-and-ink and water color: designs for costumes made by her pupils.

"Designing is for the artistic girl," Miss Traphagen told me. "It is for the young woman who likes to draw, who has an eye for color and who likes to plan clothes for herself and her friends. With a high school education, and two years of training besides, she should be fitted to take a job as a designer. As soon as she has had a little experience, she can earn a salary of \$100 a week. If she is exceptionally talented and clever at managing, she can make more, maybe \$150, \$200, or even \$250 a week."

Training for designing can be had in New York City at Cooper Union and elsewhere in free classes. Pupils in designing often go to school part time and work part time as Miss Traphagen did.

Maybe you'd like to know what a designer does to earn her salary.

Have you ever wondered about the smart frocks, wraps, and hats which blossom in the shop windows at pussy-willow time in the spring and autumn-leaf time in the fall?

Where do they come from—these inviting new fashions?

Who thinks them up?

Who designs the perky school frocks, the graceful capes and cloaks, the useful raincoats, the giddy hats, the flower-like evening gowns? And the fashion pictures? Uncount-



ed thousands of such pictures must be drawn every day, when one considers the great number of newspapers and magazines which carry fashion departments, and the pattern catalogues we look

over when we are trying to decide how new frocks should look.

Miss Traphagen told me.

Women, you see, have always been dressmakers. In every country neighborhood, little town, and big city, women are making clothes. Perhaps they make clothes only for themselves and their children. Maybe they are dressmakers by trade.

Eskimo women, African women, Hindu women, Indian squaws, women of China, Japan, Java, European peasant women, Russian women—all these, too, make clothes. From the earliest time they have done it.

The bright colors and jolly design of your favorite frock had their beginning, perhaps, in the mind and the clever fingers of some half-savage women who has been dead thousands of years. Some of the most beautiful weaving, dyeing, embroidery and designing, from which up-to-date fashion makers borrow their ideas came from tribes of people who according to our standards were barbarous and uncivilized. A visit to the Museum of Natural History in New York will convince you of this. Women of all peoples and of all ages have given us our heritage of lovely colors, fabrics, and methods of decorating our costumes.

Nowadays clothes are, to a great extent made by machinery. But they have to be planned just the same, and many of the designers are women. If you get a job as a designer with a big factory, you sit in your office and plan clothes all day. You draw designs, direct the buying of material, the cutting, sewing, and draping of garments which the factory machines will presently copy in wholesale lots. These garments will be shipped from the factory to the wholesale houses and thence to the shops in your home town and other people's home towns.

Many designing jobs are not in factories. Big stores employ designers to make exclusive models. A skilled designer may get employment in the fashion department of a magazine or newspaper, or she may "free lance"—that is, set up in business for herself. She may have a shop of her own, or make costumes in her own home.

How Miss Traphagen's pupils must enjoy themselves! It must be fun making up dresses right out of your head! To get hints from original designs, the students go to every museum in the city—to the Metropolitan Museum,

the Natural History Museum, the Hispanic Museum. If you think you might want to be a dress designer when you get ready to earn a living, remember that the person to write to is Miss Traphagen.



Grace Delahunt thoroughly enjoyed drawing these period silhouettes in Miss Traphagen's class

A Play Day that was "More Fun!"

Buddies—that's what the Girl Scouts and Girl Reserves call themselves in Houston

By ELIZABETH SMEDES

Local Director, Houston, Texas

IMAGINE a pleasant Saturday afternoon in a grove of big Texas pine trees—our Herman Park in Houston. Put into that park on an open grassy space four hundred girls. You know the kind—jolly, laughing, friendly girls out for a good time. And you have our Annual Girl Scout-Girl Reserve Play Day which we usually hold some time in April but which any troop may plan for any time of the year.

Our Play Day this year was just what its name sounds like. But in order to know why we enjoyed this year's Play Day so much more than last year's, you should know why we changed our entire plan. Last year, we played games and had competitions but we had them all Girl Scout *versus* Girl Reserves. Since they were always on separate teams, the Girl Scouts were not able to get acquainted with the Girl Reserves and the Girl Reserves were not able to get acquainted with the Girl Scouts. Besides, when one organization was playing against the other, it seemed too easy to forget that ideal which all American girls are coming to have. I mean playing the best we can for the sake of the game not for the sake of winning.

This year when we began talking over what we should do on Play Day, the Girl Scouts and Girl Reserves agreed that it would be much more fun if we played *together* not against each other. But how was this to be done when four hundred girls were coming? This was our plan. We decided to have games and competitions but instead of having them Girl Scouts *vs.* Girl Reserves, we had them between two teams, the Reds and the Blues. The Reds consisted equally of Girl Scouts and Girl Reserves and so did the Blues.

Then each girl on both teams had her "Buddy" or partner for the day. At the beginning of Play Day, the girls formed in two long lines, each girl receiving an arm band of either red or blue, according to her team. On the arm band was a number and a letter. The number indicated her own number and that of her Buddy which was the same. The letter was that of her section.

The first thing was to scurry over the crowd to find your Buddy, the girl who had an arm band the same color as yours with your number upon it.

Next, you got into your section. For in order to have

four hundred girls playing games at once, we divided into sections of forty girls in each section. Each section was divided between Reds and Blues so that we could name the winners in each section.

We started our Play Day at 10:30 in the morning with the assigning of sections and the finding of our Buddies. After that, the girls formed a hollow square, the Pledge of Allegiance was given and the Star Spangled Banner was sung. Then demonstrations were given by the two organizations.

Then for lunch under the trees! Eating by troops? No, indeed. By sections, each girl with her Buddy by her side. Friendships were made which are happy ones to this day. For if you have never had a Girl Reserve for your Buddy, eating your lunch with her, telling her your favorite jokes, and finding out what she likes best to do, you don't know what fun we had over our lunch in Herman Park.

After lunch, we had stories. The Story Tellers' Club sent us three splendid story tellers. And Judd Mortimer Lewis, a writer for our largest local paper, came out and told stories until he was hoarse! The girls couldn't seem to let him stop. Another friend told us nature stories of which, too, there seemed not nearly enough. Then we all had a sing together.

But of course a Play Day wouldn't be a Play Day without games. So games we had as our last event. Every one of the four hundred girls played the *same* game at the *same* time, in her own section. These games were planned and conducted for us by Mr. N. L. Mallison, head of the playgrounds of Houston, and his staff of playground directors, assisted by Miss Pritchett of the Y. W. C. A. We played the Clock Relay, the Corkscrew Relay, and Kick It, with the two lines using the large Cage balls. Then one big game of Cage Ball with all the girls in the same game at the same time and our Play Day was over.

We wish every troop with Girl Reserve or Camp Fire Girl neighbors would try having a Play Day with Buddies. You will have "more fun" just the way we did. You need not give it outdoors. A gym will do nicely if you don't invite too many girls at once. Or try a Buddy hike with your troop inviting an equal number of Girl Reserve or Camp Fire Girls.



Clock Relay was a popular game with the Girl Scouts and Girl Reserves on Houston's Play Day

"Walnut Shadows"

The Story of our Pittsburg, Kansas Girl Scouts' own Cabin Home

WE are so glad to tell you about our cabin because we love it so. It is one and a half miles from our town and is in a lovely spot. The cabin grounds consist of an acre given to us by a Pittsburg man interested in Scouting. The cabin itself stands in the midst of walnut trees with a tiny stream near it and several large grape vines swinging over it. A cooler or more restful place could not be found.

"Walnut Shadows" was the name selected as the best in the inter-troop contest which we had to name it. Our cabin is 20x36 feet with a 9 foot brick fireplace in one end. It is equipped for eighteen people.

It was built a year ago in June with money which the Extension Study Club of women and the Kiwanis Club raised for us. It cost \$700 for labor with about two-thirds of the material necessary donated by business firms. Other friends helped us, too. When our parents found we needed certain things, they gave us iron kettles, a dutch oven, and other gifts. The Business Girls' Club presented a sanitas table cover, a flashlight and material for hand towels. The State Teachers' College gave us six long benches for outside use. And the husband of one of our Council members is going to help us make a swinging bridge in the fall.

But you mustn't think we Scouts don't do as much as we can for our cabin. When we planned the furnishing of "Walnut Shadows" we made everything we could. Or we earned the money to buy what we wished to give. The Pine Tree Troop gave a pair of firedogs for the fire place. They had them moulded from old wagon tires. The Beaver troop planned and made a gravel walk between the walnut trees out to the stile at the entrance. The Pansy troop made a rag rug to be used in front of the fireplace. The Morning Glory troop was the first to hem the tea towels. They put the Girl Scout emblem in one corner and their troop number in the other. We have hemmed hand-towels, too. In fact, everywhere you look in the cabin, you find something which a troop has made: the knot-boards, curtains for the cupboards, the box for the cot pads, bulletin boards and the candlestick holders. We



"Walnut Shadows" and a number of the cabin's proud owners

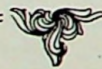
Have you a "Girl Scout Home"?

It may be a cabin or a room or a whole house called "Local Headquarters". Whatever it is, will you not send us a picture of it, telling what you have made for it and what you do there?

A Convention Exhibit

Just think, it will then be in a special Girl Scout Home exhibit at our next convention.

Send it to "The American Girl" now



We mustn't forget a most important addition to our cabin—THE AMERICAN GIRL! We have subscribed especially for our cabin and always leave the copy there. The stories are just right to be read aloud around the fireplace.

Whenever one troop is there, we mark a Treasure Hunt trail for the next troop that is to come. We love to do this, hiding the "treasure" which may be a plate of fudge, lemons for lemonade, or other surprises. Before the girls leave the cabin they see to it that it is in perfect order and clean as a pin. We also always leave a good-sized pile of wood all chopped and ready for the fireplace.

We are planning next fall to erect a permanent flag pole, label the trees (we have twenty-three kinds quite near the cabin), put up some bird houses and start a collection of pictures of familiar wild flowers.

The Editor wrote us that this is to be Little Home Year. We're glad, because we want to hear about your cabins and Scout rooms, too.

Won't you come to visit our "Walnut Shadows"?

have begun a Nature Lore corner where mounted specimens, books and pictures will be arranged.

Just lately we decided in our Patrol Leaders' Association to have each troop make one cot pad for our steel army cots. Most of the troops have theirs finished by now. The pads are made of khaki cloth, cotton padding and are tied with brown yarn. The girls have done all the work on them.

When we go to our cabin, we try to plan our menus so that they will be wholesome and easy to prepare as well as good. The Violet troop always seems to have especially good menus. The last time they had oranges, creamed eggs on toast and cocoa for breakfast; camp stew and fruit for lunch; and sandwiches, vegetable salad, and homemade cookies for supper. Of course we drink lots of milk which we get from a nearby dairy, that passed the highest test in the country. Doesn't it all sound delightful?

Our first aid kit is in a tin box on a shelf ready for use in case of accident. Every one knows where it is and how to use it. We also know how to use the fire extinguisher.

Hey, Bird, ho, Bird, What Patrol are You?

Become a Bird Finder and Know

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY

HOW many different kinds of birds live in your neighborhood? Guess how many. If you don't really know, your answer may be anywhere from twenty to a thousand. How many spend the winter in your section of the state, and how many stay for only the summer and nesting season? You will need to know about the visitors, too, those who tarry for few days on their journey to the north or the south or to and from the high mountains.

Where do the summer and winter birds come from? Why do they come when they do? What tells them to go? All you have to do is to imagine yourself a bird, flying, flying, to realize the numbers of unusual adventures the birds have. We love to hear our friends who have traveled tell us their stories. But even to the most experienced of travelers, the birds could relate strange things.

I have already given you, in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, a glimpse into our many new plans for becoming a Flower Finder and a Tree Finder. But we couldn't possibly overlook the birds when thousands of Girl Scouts love them most of all. So come, be an Honorary Member of the Sky Patrol or the Water Patrol or of all of them.

But before we learn how we join, I must whisper to you that the cunning new Nature notebooks are ready for the Girl Scouts. Every one who has seen them wishes to possess one, immediately. In them, you will find black and white pictures which you may color in passing your tests. And you will have the most convenient pages on which to write all you have seen while on your Nature rambles, making a memory book you will wish to keep all your lives. These loose-leaf notebooks may be purchased from our Girl Scout shop and if you will turn to page 40, you will find the announcement concerning them.

Patrols of birds just as there are patrols of Girl Scouts—did you ever think the birds belonged to them? There are many different ways in which we may get acquainted with the birds. But we, being Girl Scouts and understanding all about patrols, may choose the patrol way. And we shall discover among our bird friends patrols of the ground, of the undergrowth, of the tree trunks, of the foliage, of the air and of the water. These are the places to look for the birds, places where they are almost certain to be found hunting for their food. When we see them in their places, we have already learned much about their life habits and their bodily structure. If you will send for the new Bird Finder requirements, you will find in them many suggestions by which you may become an Honorary Member of these Bird Patrols yourself.

What birds shall you look for in the different patrols?

In the Ground Patrol, among other birds we shall find: the robin, meadow-lark, blackbird, crow, bobwhite, native sparrows, grouse, plover and brown thrasher. How many of you already qualify for honorary membership in the Ground Patrol? In order to do it, you must be able to recognize its members!



By undergrowth is meant weeds, shrubs, thickets and grasses. In winter in the Undergrowth Patrol, we are apt to find: juncos, snowflakes, grosbeaks. In summer: the native sparrows, finches, horned lark, blackbird, cowbird and mourning dove.

In the Tree Bark Patrol—of course you have guessed it by this time—we may call the roll and find many old friends: woodpeckers (except one), flicker, sapsucker, nuthatch, creeper, chickadee and kinglet. Why does this Patrol so industriously work away at the tree bark? Become a Bird Finder and know!

There is a little as well as a big Foliage Patrol. The little patrol has the tiniest, daintiest members and is made up of such birds as the warblers and vireos. The other Foliage Patrol is made up of larger birds such as: the thrush, bluebird, robin, mockingbird, oriole, catbird thrasher and cuckoo. They are after caterpillars and beetles while the tinier members are after insect eggs, ants, flies and other (to them) delicious morsels.

Does it not seem strange that the air is counted as a feeding ground? But such it is for two kinds of air patrols. The first we might call the wing feeders, as they are constantly on the wing, scanning the air for insects. Here we have the nighthawk, whippoorwill, and swallow. The second kind of air-feeders are the flycatchers. These include the kingbird, crested flycatcher, phoebe and wood pewee. They are solitary birds which sit upon some lookout and watch for passing of winged insects at which they fly and snap up in their flat bills.

Along the shores of the lakes and the ocean and about the wharves and vessels will be found members of the Water Patrol, the gulls. Less frequently are seen the terns. On the shore line, we might include another division of the Water Patrol, the sandpiper and kill deer.

There are eight requirements for this Bird Finder Badge. Here is the list. Send to Girl Scouts, Inc., for the entire Bird Finder booklet, see page 40.

1. Know the parts of the bird.
2. Make a careful study of twenty-five birds that you personally observed, using the observation sheets and coloring the drawings in the Note Book.
3. Make a list of the birds seen on one day in the field.
4. A study of the English Sparrow as an example of an unfortunate introduction to our land.
5. Show that you have made use of some device to attract birds about the premises and report your results.
6. Find out some general facts about the life history of birds.
7. What are the Audubon or other societies doing for the protection of vanishing birds and what may a Girl Scout do to protect birds?
8. Knowledge of the bird laws and refugees of your state, of the United States and of the International agreement with Canada.



Hallowe'en Charms and Games

By THERESA H. WOLCOTT



SPOOKS! Witches!! Black cats!!! Have them on your invitations. Have them in your decorations. Do everything different from the usual. When the guests arrive at the front door, let a sheet-draped "ghost" flash an electric light, showing a card reading, "Go to the cellar door and follow the rope." The rope must be stretched through the cellar, up the steps to the kitchen, and then up the back stairway to the second floor. Dim lights are furnished by pumpkin lanterns. As the guests pass along some one behind the furnace drops a metal washtub on the cement floor and other startling sounds are heard.

Having left wraps on the second floor, the guests descend and are met by a witch who makes all take the following vow:

*I promise that I will not shirk
My share in all this evening's work;
In all the fun, I'll take my part,
And enter in with all my heart.*

Your future

Let each guest be blindfolded in turn and conducted into another room. Here he is turned around three times while he makes a wish. If when the bandage is removed, he "sees the new moon over his right shoulder, his wish will come to pass." The new moon is made of paper. The guest is turned so that he will surely see it!

A tell-tale sneeze

Another queer old superstition says, "If any one tells you anything and shortly afterward you sneeze, it is a true omen that what was told you is true. The "old crone," the witch, tells this sign to the guests and each one has the opportunity of telling something to some one. Then the crone waves her magic fan which is in the shape of a cat with some snuff on it. Result, a tell-tale sneeze!

Throwing the shoe

The throwing of an old shoe after a bride is a relic of an ancient belief which was applied to anyone undertaking something new. Let all the guests go through motions in pantomime showing something in which they hope to succeed. While some are so engaged, the old witch blindfolds one of the players and gives her a baby's soft shoe. The blindfolded player tosses this shoe from her. The one whom it strikes is to be favored in her wish. This may be repeated as long as you wish.

Down comes the spider

While the guests are wondering what will come next, a great paper spider descends on a silken thread. According to the old superstition, the one on whom the spider descends will shortly inherit a large sum of money.

Into Jack's mouth

For a jolly Hallowe'en game, scoop out a large pumpkin and make a Jack-o'-Lantern face in it, with an especially

large mouth. Put this pumpkin (without any light) on a firm table at the end of a hall or in a large room, being careful not to have breakable things near it. Each player is to take the small, soft ball provided (be sure this ball will go into Jack's mouth!) and try to throw it into the mouth of the Jack-o'-Lantern. Every time a player is successful, she is given a Hallowe'en favor such as a popcorn ball or a lollypop.

Your fortune on your hand

A fortune-telling stunt that is simple to prepare is this. Draw upon white gummed paper tiny symbols of fortune like moneybags, traveling bags, hearts, umbrellas, goggles, etc. These little squares are laid, gummed side up, on a plate. In the darkness of the witch's tent, the fortune seeker's palm is moistened with a piece of ice. She is then commanded to lay her hand flat upon the plate and when she lifts it her fortune is impressed upon her hand! The witch then interprets the symbols on the palm according to the flights of her imagination.

Pantomime fortunes

Pass around as many numbers as you desire. The guests are seated facing a sheet upon which are black cats, bats, witches, etc. This sheet will be drawn aside for the pantomimes. Number one is called. The guest who has number one stands up. The sheet is drawn. A pantomime is acted which reveals the future of the guest who had No. 1. Have any "futures" that you wish given in pantomime: a fruit vender with a push cart; a nurse bandaging a patient's head; a hostess with several children; a cook; a writer; a business woman. Use your own ingenuity for this.

Finding partners

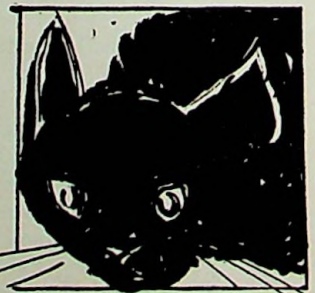
If you wish to find partners for supper or a game, do it by matching apples that have been cut in two in an irregular manner.

Bite the apple

Suspend horizontally from the ceiling a stick three feet long. On one end, stick an apple; on the other end tie a small bag of flour. Set the stick whirling. Each guest takes a turn in trying to bite the apple end of the stick. It will be amusing to see each one receive dabs of flour on the face.

A book of games

These Hallowe'en party suggestions are taken from *The Book of Games and Parties* by Theresa H. Wolcott with special permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard and Company, (\$2.50). You will find many other Hallowe'en ideas in this book, including those for decorations and menus. And not Hallowe'en ideas alone, but those for all the holidays in the year, and for days that are not holidays.





Look closely at this picture and the one below. You will see two Tulsa Girl Scouts putting up in Owen Park their bird houses, accepted by the City Park Commissioners

"Bird Houses to Let" in Tulsa

Try a Bird House Contest like this one

By MABEL MESSNER

Local Director, Tulsa, Oklahoma

THERE'S going to be a Bird House Contest!" When this word spread around among our Tulsa Girl Scouts, they certainly did turn out at the special meeting called in March for all girls interested. Our Tulsa Headquarters, a large, ample room, wouldn't hold all those who came despite a heavy downpour of rain. There were Scouts in chairs, on the floor, in the hall. In fact, Scouts everywhere within hearing distance, busy with their notebooks and pencils. For they didn't wish to disqualify in the contest by doing something wrong! First the conditions of the contest were announced and every Scout wrote them down. Then we held a general discussion about the birds who build nests in houses; which of these are to be found in Tulsa; the size of house for each bird; the size of entrance; and where we could find good designs for bird houses.

Every bird house entered in the contest was to be built entirely by the Scout herself, although she was permitted to consult books or her friends for help and suggestions. The girls set to work immediately consulting bird books and pamphlets. Several references were placed in our Local Headquarters, the girls finding the most helpful to be Farmer's Bulletin No. 609 on *Bird Houses and How to Build Them* which any Girl Scout may obtain from the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., and *Attracting Birds About the Home*, a booklet published by the National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York City.

You can imagine the excitement when the Scouts brought in their completed bird houses for the contest judging. Every kind of house was there, from the tiniest of wren structures to large duplex houses, each with its own private entrance so no neighborhood quarrels could arise over tracking up the front porch! Rustic houses, artistically painted houses, shingled houses, houses made of tin cans, and many more made their appearance. There was no doubt but that even the most fastidious of Tulsa bird families could select a satisfactory dwelling place here.

Our judges were Mr. W. A. Dean, who is our examiner for the Nature Study badges, Mr. H. A. Meyer, Tulsa County

Boy Scout executive, and Mrs. Eula G. Gilchrist, who formerly had charge of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs in Delaware County, Oklahoma. As each bird house was brought in, it was numbered and upon our contest record was written the Girl Scout's name with the number placed upon her bird house. In this way, the judges did not know who built any of the houses.

You will be interested to know just how each house was judged. Each one had a grade sheet of its own on which under the general heading of *Utility* the following counted 10 points each: weather protection, drainage, accessibility for cleaning, being habitable for a certain kind of bird, and suitable size of the entrance. Under *Design*, the general lines and appearance of the house each counted 10 points. Under *Workmanship*, the woodwork counted 15 points, and the painting 5 points, thus making a total of 100 points. These points for each entry were added and the three houses standing highest won first, second and third places respectively.

The prize house was a tiny wren house, perfectly proportioned, well-built, and attractive enough to appeal to any wren family. It was made by Dorothy Simmons of Bluebird troop. Elizabeth Rombaugh of Pine Cone troop won second place with a duplex house suitable for wrens or bluebirds and which was resplendent with black and white stripes and a pair of cool looking porches. Olive Studler of Bluebell troop came third with a rustic house for bluebirds. As a reward, each of the three girls had her choice of articles of Girl Scout equipment. These prizes were awarded at our May Rally by our loyal friend, Mr. Meyer, Boy Scout executive.

If you were to visit Tulsa today (and I wish you might!) you would find in our largest city park ten other of these bird houses which were worthy of being presented to the City Park Board who gave them space in Owen Park. Here, perched among the branches of the trees, they shout a wordless invitation "for rent" to the winged folk of the air.

A Bird House Contest is a splendid idea for winter handicraft because you then have your houses ready for spring visitors. Yet you have time to make them artistic, too.



Girl Scout News

Broadcast

SCRIBES'



The third paragraph below will tell you all about this picture

What we say here is no surprise

WHAT we are going to say will be no surprise to our readers. But we simply must start by saying Thank-You to this month's region for the pictures and news which they have sent us. Girl Scouts and Girl Scout leaders in Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, New Mexico, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas and Wyoming, you are the last region of all to be represented with a special issue and we are proud of you, just as we have been proud of each region as the past year has told of them. Now we shall have a new plan for our Picture Spread and Scribes' Corner. Pictures and news of the Girl Scouts? Indeed, yes! So send in any good Scout picture you have. Or any piece of news. Tell all the other Scouts about *your* troop and *your* town. And quickly, quickly! get in those pictures of your last year's Christmas celebration.

Especially your Scout Home pictures and the story of it

This is Girl Scout Little Home year. Girl Scouts everywhere are going to earn more of our Homemaking badges than ever before. More are going to keep our Home Service books than ever before. And troops are going to make posters and scrap-books. So, to be in style, THE AMERICAN GIRL is to make a collection of pictures and descriptions of Girl Scout Homes. Have you a cabin? Have you a house as your Local Headquarters? Have you a room for your town or your troops? Take pictures of its interior and exterior. Tell us what you made for it, how you furnished it, how much it cost, and what you are doing in it. You will be glad you did this when our next National Convention comes rolling 'round. Why? Wait!

Our Founder and three friends Macon, Georgia

Here is a new picture of our Founder, Mrs. Juliette Low, with three friends. The friends are Miss Florence Heintz

of the National Camp Fire Girls' Headquarters, Miss Van Zant Jenkins of the National Girl Reserve headquarters, and Miss Pauline Wherry of the National Girl Scout headquarters. This

picture was taken at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, where a course for girls' leaders was given in which all three were the instructors. Mrs. Low writes us that she is proud to have had a part in this course and to have had her picture taken with three such splendid leaders of girls. Read, too, the story of the Girl Scout-Girl Reserve Play Day on page 20.

Making a Bough Bed Colorado Springs, Colorado

Colorado Springs Girl Scouts are outdoor girls, as proved by this description sent us by Grace Berkly, Golden Eaglet of Troop 4, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

The old maxim holds about as true with bough beds as with anything else, that when they're good, they're very good, and when they're bad, they're awful! A night spent on a silver spruce is unspeakable, while one spent on a Douglas Fir bed is, if the bed is properly made, heavenly. We have learned out here in the West, how to make our beds from long experience, not from text-books; so perhaps we are technically all wrong. But we're willing to take a chance on it, for beds could hardly be more comfortable than those we slept on at camp.

The first thing we do, even before we think of the bough part, is to dig up the ground which is to be under us, in order to make it soft, so that the boughs will sink in in the proper places. We dig a little deeper where our hips are to be.

Then we go out with a big sack or blanket for our boughs. Some people prefer white fir, Abies Concolor, because it has the softest needles of any evergreen that grows here. The needles are about two inches long, and very flat and blunt. But they are so very soft that they flatten down soon and become hard, because they lack springiness. For this reason, most of us prefer Douglas Fir, Pseudotsuga, Douglasii, which has all the good points of White Fir and none of the bad. Although the needles are shorter, they are much more numerous, and therefore provide more support and comfort.

We break the boughs off in pieces of a foot or less, being very careful to choose a tree that can afford to lose a few small boughs, and not to take too many from any one tree.

The boughs are put on the bed a layer at a time, the stems pointing toward the foot of the bed, and tucked in under the needles. When one layer covering the entire bed is finished, with all stems hidden and nothing showing except an inviting, soft green, springy surface, then another layer is put on in exactly the same way. As many layers may be added as are desired. The more the merrier.

Over our evergreen mattress we put a tarp or blanket, then the double blankets we are going to sleep between (we have very cool nights in Colorado) and finish the making of the bed in the usual way, adding at the last a few large safety pins, at the foot and sides to keep us tucked in.

A Girl Scout poet San Antonio, Texas

Mary Louise Walliser is a Girl Scout in San Antonio, Texas, where her father is city editor of the San Antonio News and her mother is a member of our Council. Since Mary Louise was nine years old, she has been writing the poems which are now gathered together in a book, *Under the Lilacs*. This book is being sold with the profits given to a Crippled Children's Home. Here is a very timely poem from it.

On Hallowe'en

By Mary Louise Walliser

At this gay time hobgoblins fly,
And ghosts and witches fill the sky,
With autumn leaves a-flying 'round,
While pumpkins cover all the ground.

And of this time the children dream,
This time of times, for them supreme,
At every corner they peek out
To see no ghost is 'round about.



Over-night hikers in the Cabin of Sioux City, Ia., Scouts

At night when scary noises sound
Uncanny tales are going 'round,
And kiddies gather 'round the hearth
To hear of ghosts and witches' mirth.

And when these days come to a close,
And smells of turkey reach your nose,
We know another feast is near,
And that's Thanksgiving, children dear.

From Everywhere

Through our

CORNER

Come galloping!

Sante Fe, New Mexico

Come galloping, come galloping to one of the most picturesque Scout camps you ever visited. It is our Santa Fe girls' and is high in the south-western Sierras, surrounded by a forest in which are deep canyons, looking over country in which are to be found huge volcanic craters, prehistoric ruins, Indian pueblos, and Spanish mission churches which were built before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

She uses "The American Girl"

Iowa Falls, Iowa

THE AMERICAN GIRL goes traveling through this region, too. Dorothy Warden of Iowa Falls writes, "I find THE AMERICAN GIRL so useful and interesting. I've saved every copy I got. I hope the writers of the songs and poems don't object to any one's using them for I've used them in my Scout news that I've written for local weekly papers for over two years. Recently, the other paper has asked for the Scout news, too. I thank the writers of the poems and songs, very much." And we thank you, Dorothy, for using them.

We swim!

Kansas City, Missouri

Whenever we start a new Girl Scout camp, we look around for the "old swimming hole." If we can't find a lake or a small ocean, we content us with a river—which is just what our Kansas City girls are doing with the Elks river.

A most attractive cabin

Sioux Falls, Iowa

Imagine how the Editor felt when along came two cabin stories and room in the magazine for only one of them! Since the Pittsburg story came first, we have published it this time. But we are going to tell you soon all about our Sioux City cabin (whose interior you see on this page) and what good times the girls have there. The Sioux City girls certainly know how to take good pictures. Look at the swim-

ing one on the Picture Spread. And a Girl Scout house Dallas, Texas Our Dallas Scouts have been loaned a whole house by the Men's Club of Oak Cliff Methodist Church. Of the eleven rooms in it, various of the troops occupy the smaller ones individually, while two troops have the larger ones. There is a kitchen with a stove, ice chest, table and chairs, with the girls furnishing the cooking utensils, dishes, silver and the cooks! They have great fun preparing for parties, passing our Cooking, Handy Woman's and other homemaking tests here in their own Little Home.

Follow the old trails

Muskogee, Oklahoma

How many have ever followed the old trails made by our pioneers of other days? We hope many troops will follow them on their hikes, this year as have our Muskogee girls. Mrs. Trent Snowden King has sent us a delightful description of just such a hike to Fort Gibson, which we hope to publish in full some day together with the pictures. For the present, we shall give you a glimpse into the interesting times the girls had.

Mrs. King writes: "After lunch, Mr. Grant Foreman entertained us with a talk on the early history of Fort Gibson. Mr. Foreman has figured largely in the Oklahoma history. He took us down to the river and showed us the rocks where the traders landed when they came to trade with the Indians. In one rock there is a large ring to which they tied their boats. It was here, in 1832, that Washington Irving landed and later went west to Pawnee country. The description of the trip is recorded in *Tour of the Prairies*. The old fort was built and fortified to keep the Indians from warring with each other and to protect the white settlers. Nathan Boone, son of Daniel Boone, was a cavalry officer here." If your troop follows an Old Trail, will you

not write us about it, sending us pictures of it as Mrs. King has done?

Make your own posters

Denton, Texas

The black and white picture of camp girls on this page was made with a "linoleum cut" as were the illustrations for *Gold Eye, the Loon* on page 12. This was a design for a Girl Scout camp poster made by one of the girls in the class of Miss Marjorie Nind, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas. This way of making pictures is great fun and enjoyed by many Scouts.

In a terrific cyclone

Warner, Oklahoma

When a terrific cyclone recently struck Warner, Oklahoma, the Girl Scouts at once rallied to give all the help they could. Citizens of the town highly praise the service which the girls rendered during this trying time.

An idea for our fall campaign

Pleasanton, Kansas

Here is an idea which will help you and your Captain and Council in sell-



ing our ten dollar bricks for our new Headquarters. During last year's Girl Scout week, the Scouts of Pleasanton wrote short articles for the daily newspaper on "Why I like Scouting." Many of these were printed and helped to show every one how much Scouting means to every troop member.

Sage Brush for Nature Study

Casper, Wyoming

Every Scout camp has something special to study in working for our new Naturalist badge. In Casper, the girls have the sage brush which rises about their camp.

A fine first year

Newkirk, Oklahoma

At the end of their first year in Scouting, our Newkirk girls had \$100 for their camp trip to the Ozark Mountains. They raised this money by giving a bazaar, a chicken dinner, and a candy sale.

How many?

A test

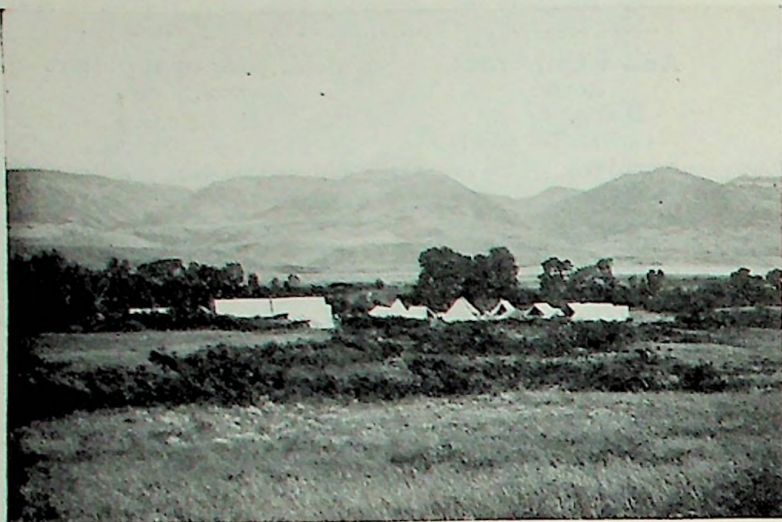
We need good Scout jokes. This is a test. How many will read this and send them in?



An interior view of "Walnut Shadows," the Pittsburg, Kans. Scout Cabin

They Bid Us C

Girl Scouts in Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Miss



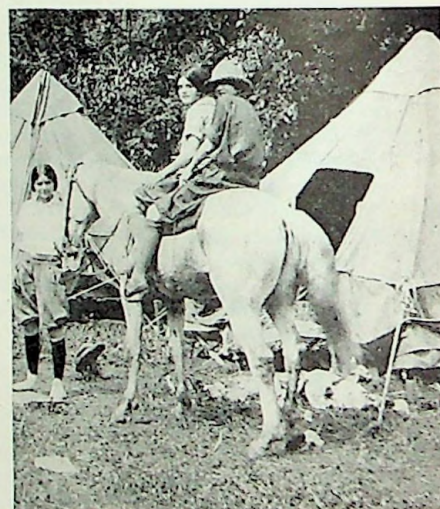
ABOVE—When our Casper, Wyo., Girl Scouts look from their tents, they have before them this beautiful view

RIGHT—"Come galloping with us across our glorious part of the country," say these Santa Fe, N. Mex. Scouts



ABOVE—It's the kind of shack you would build for your Pioneer's Badge if you lived where this Scout does—Dallas, Tex.

BELOW—When the fire blazed high and bright, it was because this "Wood Detail" in our St. Louis, Mo. camp did their work well



ABOVE—Have you ever camped in a pecan grove as are these Newkirk, Okla. Girl Scouts?

BELOW—Let's see our Sedalia, Mo. Scouts as they appear during July

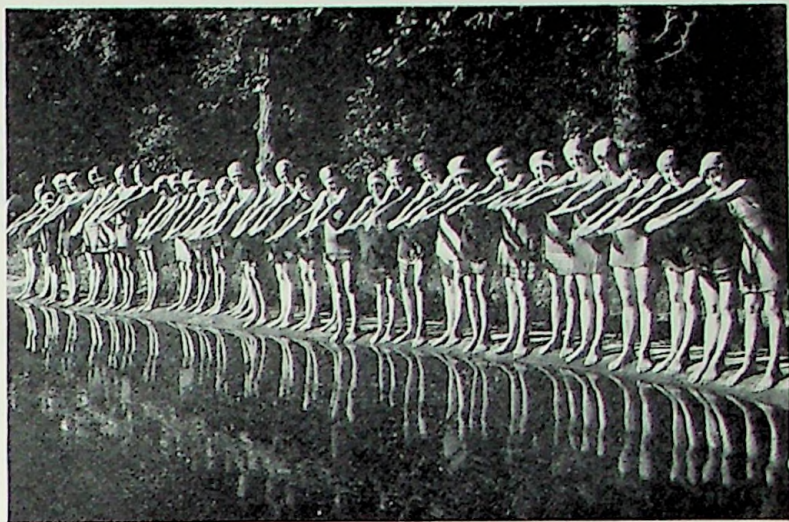


Come A-visiting

Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, Wyoming



LEFT—Smile with these Kansas City, Mo. girls because they're off for camp with packs that are light



ABOVE—It's a good picture and a most smiling reflection, this one sent us from our Sioux City, Ia. Scouts



ABOVE—Rightly named "Cold Creek Canyon" where our Girl Scout leaders camped at Medina, Tex.



ABOVE—Pine trees and mountains, with clouds high above, stand guard over our Colorado Springs, Colo. Scouts when they go to camp

BELOW—After eating, scour until pans shine—there's no doubt but that our Arma, Kan. girls have this for their motto



introduce to you
o. Girl Scouts
d at their camp
4



OUR PUZZLE-PACK

The Sailor's Puzzle

While at the seashore this summer, Puzzle Jack and Puzzled Jill met a jolly old sailor who wanted to get his ship into port with the least trouble. Puzzle Jack showed him how to do it by changing one letter of the word at a time and do it in eight moves. Puzzled Jill thinks she can do it in five. Can you? A definition is under each blank space to help you. See if you can find the sailor's row boat which is hidden in the picture.

Puzzle Jack's Word Square

From the following definitions build a construction of four-letter word squares.

UPPER LEFT

Head gears
Land measure
Large woody plant
First principle of life

UPPER RIGHT

A part
Greasy
A color
Organs of sight

CENTER

A lady
Very old
To measure
Paradise

LOWER LEFT

Running contest
A plant
A combustible
Fishes

LOWER RIGHT

Pleasing
A notion
A coin
Takes food

Beheaded Word

Behead a word meaning to run rapidly and leave an impression, behead again and leave a measure, behead again and leave a small pointed appliance, behead again and leave a preposition, behead again and leave a pronoun.

Flower Puzzle

By Jeanette Whitty

Troop 41, Milwaukee, Wis.

By adding one letter to the beginning of each of the six following words, six new words will be formed and the six added letters will spell the name of a spring flower found in the woods.

Alley, Deal, Live, Ace, Spy, Hank.

A Riddle

Where can you find a horse with a wooden leg?

Charade

To find a world that was my first,
Brave men of long ago

Have sailed on dark unknown seas,
Our histories will show.

And after many weary weeks
And days before the mast,
The longed-for haven from the deep
My second was at last.

To see my third was joy indeed
And payment for their toil.
They haste to set their feet upon
A strange and foreign soil.

Far from the tropic's sunny glare,
Beyond our temp'rate land,
My whole mid fog and icy seas
Extends its stormy strand.

Answers to September Puzzles

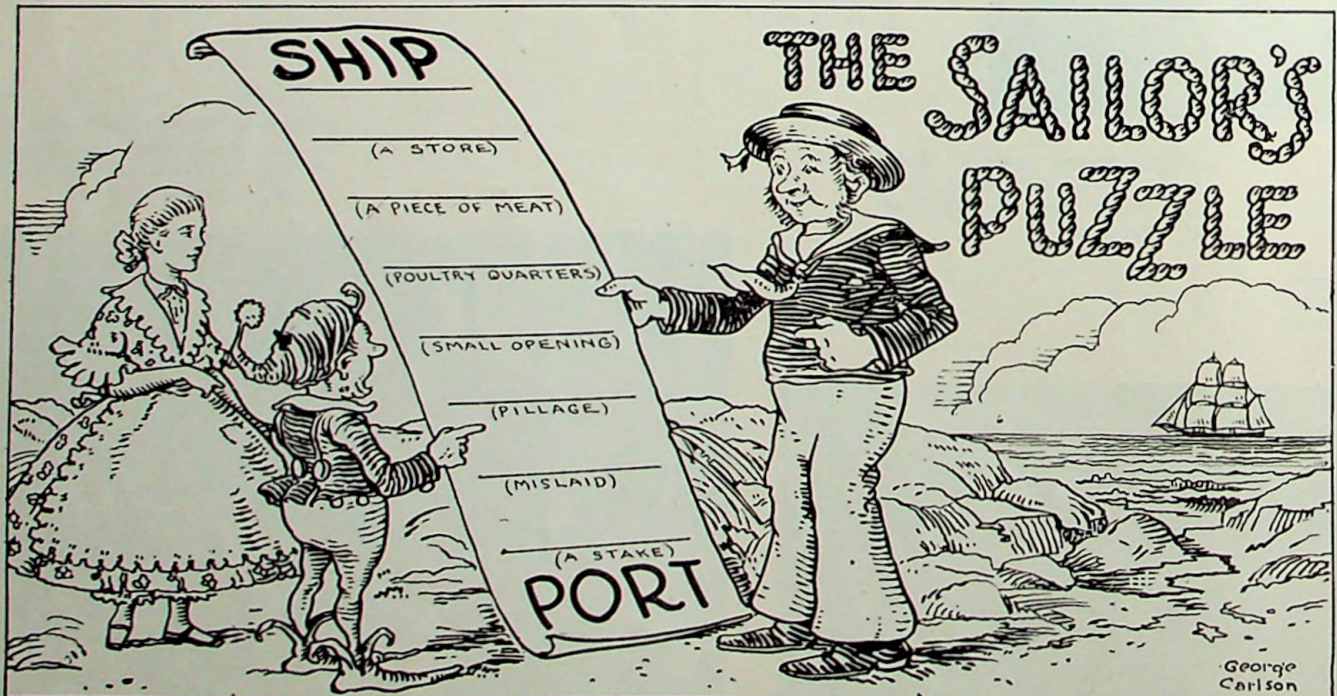
GIRL SCOUT'S PUZZLE SUM: Camel+Ark+Ring+Ate=Lark+Gate+Ote=C+Canoe+Note=OE+King=Kin+Iron+Elbow=One=Bow=American Girl.

MISSING WORDS: Dame, Mead, Edam, FRUITS AND METALS: Melon, Lemon, Monel.

A BEHEADED WORD: Bread, Read, Red. WORD JUMPING: Cold, Cord, Word, Worm, Warm.

PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE.

WEST	SCOT
ECHO	CAME
SHIP	OMEN
TOPS	ALTENT
AQUA	
LUMP	
PART	PEVER
AQUA	VANE
RUIN	ENDS
TANK	REST



How Girl Scout Troops Earn Money



Every money-raising suggestion here has been successfully used by Girl Scout troops. It also meets our Girl Scout standard of earning money by groups with their Captains or by personal service rendered under careful supervision. See Blue Book of Rules, page 9.



Sell Things to Eat

Have a sale. Take orders—often easier and more remunerative than a sale.
Where are people gathered? Sell there!
At football games—at school—at socials.

Girl Scout Fudge

And candy specialties

One troop buys from another.
One girl makes the candy each week.
The others buy it. Sugar bought with the troop fund.

Girl Scout Cookies

Try a Cookie Day

Sell cookies in trefoil shape. In bags on which the Girl Scout emblem is printed.

Girl Scout Doughnuts

One troop sold hundreds by going to a factory on pay day.

Girl Scout Sandwiches

"It's been years since you've seen a nickel sandwich. Here they are!"

Girl Scout Hot Dogs

Take Orders for Thanksgiving Dinner Candy

Sell Your Services

Look about you—what will people be glad to have you do that they will pay for?

For the busy mother:

Care for children
Darn
Mend
Help clean house
Do dishes
Serve dinner for company
Sweep sidewalks
Rake leaves
Look after yard

For your town's Organization:

Serve dinner for
The Women's Club
The Rotary Club
The Lion's Club
The Elks, etc.
Even cook the dinner
Make and sell place cards
Decorate for their parties
Fold programs

For your School:

Serve lunch

Cook for the Busy Housewife

She will buy what she can use

Cakes
Cottage Cheese
Jellies—Jam
Pies
Potato Salad
Rolls and Biscuit
Salted Almonds
Salted Peanuts

Take Orders for Thanksgiving Dinner

Make and Sell Useful Articles

Analyze your market—remember the busy housewife

Aprons of all kinds
Clothespin aprons
Dusters
Holders
Kneeling pads for work on floor or in garden
Wash cloths
Oven cloths
Tea towels
Hand towels

One troop successfully gave a widely advertised "Utility Sale," selling and taking orders for these articles

Don't Forget Christmas

Make novelties to sell

Baskets
Blotters with Girl Scout snapshots pasted upon them
Calendars
Candle sticks
Colonial Bouquets
Get small paper doilies at 5 & 10c store. Stick through them small flowers of many colors. Sell for 25c.
Desk sets
Dresser scarfs
Dyed scarfs—"Campaign scarfs"
Dyed negligees
Handkerchiefs
Neckties
Table runners

Give a Play or Entertainment

New Girl Scout plays have been published—
"Why the Rubbish?"

by Oleda Schrottky

"A Pot of Red Geraniums"

by Oleda Schrottky

(15c apiece from National Supply Department)

"Magic Goldpieces"

by Margaret Mochrie

(all about our Merit Badges)

Send for names of good plays to
MISS OLEDA SCHROTTKY,
c/o Girl Scouts, Inc.,
189 Lexington Ave.,
New York City.

Be Original

And advertise it

A Griddle Cake Tea
A Waffle Breakfast
A Waffle Supper
Girl Scout Brick Teas

Have a series of them, guests pay from 10 to 25c

An Oriental Tea or Supper
Waitresses in gay kimono
25c menu with

Chop Suey—Crackers
Cake—Coffee

Music from Oriental records

A "Campaign Scarf" sale

Dye some scarfs before your visitors' eyes

The Good Old Rummage Sale

is still popular

Some troops call theirs the

"Thrift Shop"

A Redecorated Furniture Sale
One troop collected old furniture, mended and redecorated it

Make a yearly Thrift Collection now

Collect and sell
Clean cotton rags
Newspapers
Tinfoil

For complete information about selling tinfoil write to

THE UNITED STATES TINFOIL Co.,
Louisville, Ky.

Secure "American Girl" Subscriptions

Through our Earn-Your-Own Club

Members of our Earn-Your-Own Club earn 35c on every \$1.50 subscription they secure

Mothers are glad to

GIVE "THE AMERICAN GIRL" FOR CHRISTMAS

Tell your girls to register at once as members of the Earn-Your-Own Club

Give a Motion Picture Benefit

Send for "The Golden Eagle," the Girl Scout film

Distributed from National Headquarters

Cooperate with your local Motion Picture House

Some troops have successfully given Saturday morning Children's Movies, first obtaining a list of good children's films from BETTER FILMS CORPORATION, 70-5th Ave., New York City.

SELL ARTICLES ADVERTISED IN "THE AMERICAN GIRL" AT YOUR SALES

Captains, these plans will suggest ways by which you may earn your own National Headquarters Brick
Your Girls Will Help

Laughing Last

(Continued from page 6)

CHAPTER 3

Pola Lifts a Curtain

"Where is Isolde?" Mrs. Milliken whispered.

Sidney had a sudden instinct to protect Isolde. "She has—a headache."

"I am so sorry that I cannot introduce you to Isolde Romley—the poet's oldest daughter," Mrs. Milliken pitched her voice so that it might reach even to the girls crowding into the front door. "She is a most delightful and unusual young lady. *This*—" smiling affectionately at Sidney, "This is just our little Sidney, the poet's baby-girl. Sidney, lamb, this is Miss Byers of Grace Hall, a boarding school for young ladies. They are making a pilgrimage to our beloved shrine—" Sidney, too familiar with Mrs. Milliken's flowery phrases to be embarrassed by them, faced a little frightenedly the eyes that stared curiously at her.

"We will go right into the study," Mrs. Milliken advised Miss Byers. "We can take the girls in in little groups. As Isolde is not here I will tell them some of the precious and personal anecdotes of the great poet."

Miss Byers briskly marshaled the first eight girls into the small study. The others broke file and crowded into the front room and on the stairs, some even spilled over into the dining room. They paid not the slightest attention to anything about them.

Sidney, relieved that Mrs. Milliken did not expect her to recite the "precious and personal anecdotes" drew back into a corner from where she could enjoy to its fullest measure the delight of such close propinquity to real boarding-school girls. Their talk broken by smothered shrieks of laughter rang like sweetest music to her. Presently a girl slipped into the corner and dropped down upon a chair.

"Isn't this the stupidest bore!" she groaned. Then looking at Sidney she gasped and laughed. "Say, I beg your pardon. I thought you were one of the girls. You're—you're the poet's daughter, aren't you?"

Sidney thought this young creature the very prettiest girl, next to Vick, she had ever seen. "Yes," she admitted, "I suppose it is a bore. Isn't it fun, though, just going to places?"

The boarding school girl stared. "Oh, we go so much. There isn't a big gun anywhere within a radius of five hundred miles that we don't have to visit. Most of the girls get a kick out of slipping in some gore behind Byers' back. But I don't. Say, do you like living here and having a lot of people tramp all over your house and stare at you and say things about you and poke at your father's things?"

"No, I don't," said Sid, vehemently.

"I'd hate it, too. Do you have to write poetry yourself?"

"No, I loathe poetry."

"But I'll bet you don't dare say so when that Dame in there can hear you! I have to be careful talking about candy. My father makes the Betty Sweets. And there isn't any other kind of candy that I don't like better. Funny, I'm telling you. Our spirits must be drawn together by some invisible bond."

Sid's ears fairly ached with the beauty of the other's words. She tried to say something but found her throat choked. The other girl rattled on:

"I didn't take any notes. I'll copy my roommate's. You see we have to write a theme about our visit. I know! I'll put you into it. But if you don't mind in my theme I'll make you different—pale and thin, with curly hair in a cloud and faraway eyes."

"That's like Isolde, my oldest sister, the one who usually tells the 'precious and personal anecdotes.'"

"Say," exclaimed the boarding school girl impulsively, "if you don't like it here why don't you come to Grace Hall? We'd have no end of fun."

"Gracious, I've never been anywhere. I only go to Miss Downs' because it's here at Middletown and because she

All boredom vanished, the girl Pola sprang to her feet. "Don't tell any one that I don't like Betty Sweets best of all the candy in the world, will you?" she laughed. "And I won't tell any one that *you* loathe poetry." Then she ran after the tall girl. Sidney felt engulfed in a great and terrible loneliness.

Pola did not return. When, at last, they all had gone, Sid slowly shut the door. Out there, beyond the hedge, went Pola, and the other laughing girls of Grace Hall, out into the exciting world of fun and adventure. And *inside* the door—

Pola had dared race off to the corner drug store. Sidney felt certain Pola would dare *anything*. And *she*—how much spunk had she when it came to Mrs. Milliken and the League? Oh, oh, it was hateful! And Isolde had said they could not escape it. Well, she'd find a way.

* * *

From above stairs the three older sisters had witnessed the invasion of the Grace Hall girls.

"It's perfectly disgusting!" had been Vick's comment.

Trude was all sympathy for Sidney. "You were cruel, Issy, making Sid receive that mob."

"Sidney might as well realize with what *we* have to put up."

From where she squatted on the floor, Trude regarded Isolde with troubled eyes. Of the three older girls Trude had the least claim to beauty; from constant exposure her skin had acquired a ruddiness like a boy's which made her blue eyes paler by contrast. She wore her hair shingle-bobbed which added to the suggestion of boyishness about her; there was an ungirlish sturdiness and squareness to her build, one instinctively looked to her shoulders to carry burdens. Yet withal there was about her a loveliness infinitely more winning than Vick's Grecian beauty or Isolde's interesting personality.

"Think, Issy. Didn't *we* feel discontented lots of times? We knew, though we didn't exactly say it, that we *had* to be different on account of Dad. We couldn't ever bother him for fear we'd spoil his work. Of course, it was all worth it and doesn't make much difference now—" Trude stopped off suddenly. It seemed dreadful to say, "Now that Dad isn't writing poems any more."

Vick broke into the pause. "While we're considering Sid, what are we going to do with her this summer? If she's going to have fits like she had this morning it'll be pleasant having her round with nothing to do. Of course, if Godmother Jocelyn makes good her promise to take me to Banff, I won't have to worry but—"

"Trude, have you written to Huldah asking her if she can come for July and August? Professor Deering wrote last

(Continued on page 39)

**You Won't
Put Your
Magazine
Down**



Until you have finished

Melissy's Music Box

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN
coming soon!

This is the way it starts:

"It stood enthroned on a great Chinese Teakwood table in the dim library . . . 'What is it, do you suppose?' I whispered to my sister."

From then on—you will read till you've finished

gives me my tuition on account of Dad—" Sidney bit off her words in a panic lest her admission of poverty shock this lovely creature. It had not, however.

"Oh, I see. Of course. Poets are always poor. Well, it's too bad you can't go to Grace. My roommate is the cutest thing. She's captain of the hockey team and—"

"Here you are, Pola!" cried a voice behind them and a tall girl elbowed Sidney back into her corner. "Say, Byers will be here at least a half an hour longer. We'll have time for a soda at that store we passed, if we hurry!"

Our motto—"Better every month"—renew now—don't miss an issue

If You Want Ideas on How Girls Can Make Money

read about

"NANCY BRANDON, ENTHUSIAST"
and her "WHATNOT SHOP"



You may not only get ideas on how to make money, but you may actually make \$100 by reading this story of a successful young business girl. Just one of

The
New

Bradley Quality Books

For
Girls

from which you may choose to enter the

\$1000 Prize Contest for Booklovers

All you have to do is read one Bradley Book and write why you like it. The first prize is \$100 — there are 250 different cash prizes so there is a chance for everyone to win something.

Although he loved his man masters "SILVER-SHEENE, KING OF SLED DOGS," always remembered the girl on a New York farm who first owned him. You will agree that this story of a dog who became a leader of a wolf pack and then returned to civilization as king of the sled dogs in Alaska, is the best dog story you ever read. Told by Clarence Hawkes, illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. \$1.50.

Up in Alaska lived also "THE WHITE CZAR."

In this book you meet the Eskimos, the wild musk ox, the seal, and the white bear who was to become a "king of animals." By the same author and illustrator. \$1.50.

Beautiful women like Helen of Troy and Goddesses like Venus who won the golden apple, are met in the pages of "HEROES OF TROY," a book about the brave deeds of long ago. Founded on history and legend, these stories are told by Lawton Evans, illustrated by Carl Lotave. \$2.00.

Will You Be the Girl Who Wins This Year?

The Girl Who Won in the Last Contest

Calista Bennett of Binghamton, N. Y., found that reading "Evangeline" from a Milton Bradley edition helped to make this beautiful heroine a real person. That's why she wanted to tell what Bradley Books meant to her.

\$75 of Her Very Own

Think of having that much money to spend for the things you want! Calista wasn't sure she would win second prize when she entered the contest last year, but it certainly was worth trying for.



Write us or send in this coupon as the first step

Contest Dept., Milton Bradley Co.
70 Park St., Springfield, Mass.

I want to join your Booklovers Club and find out
all about the Prize Contest.

NAME..... Age.....

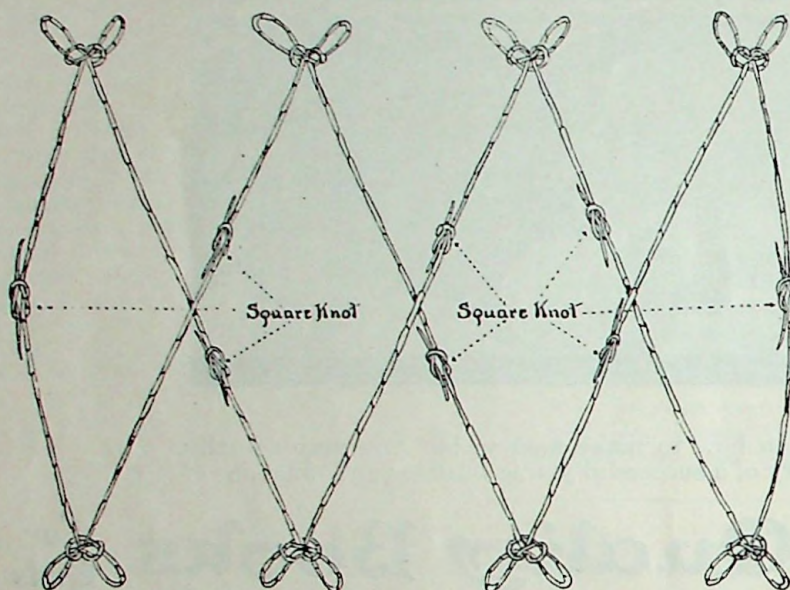
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City..... State.....

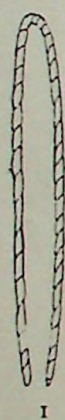
Patronize our advertisers—they help us

Try This Rope Stretcher

A unique stretcher suggested by Mrs. E. J. Drummond of Bronxville, New York, and Miss Elsa Becker of National Headquarters. Drawings by Fanny Warren.

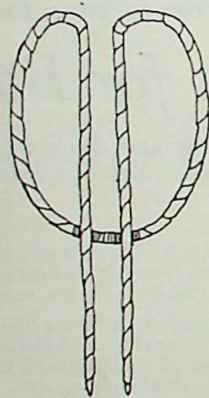


This rope stretcher is made by eight Girl Scouts each with a six foot length of rope. The handles of the stretcher are formed by the knot known as the "Spanish Bowline." The ends of the ropes are joined with square knots. The six steps in making the Spanish Bowline are shown below



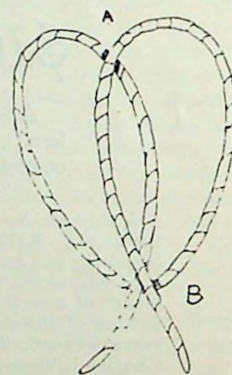
1

Double your six foot length of rope



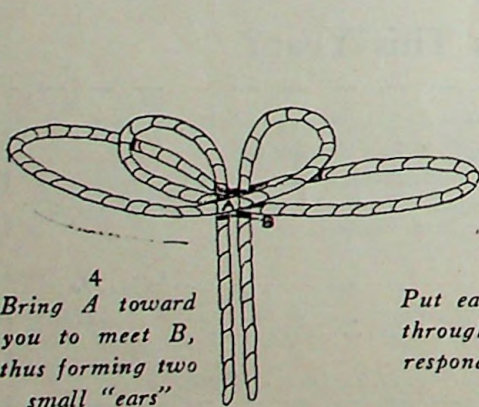
2

Bend back—away from you—within one and one-half feet of the ends, forming two large ears



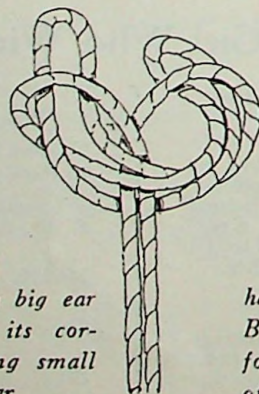
3

Cross ropes so that central opening is formed



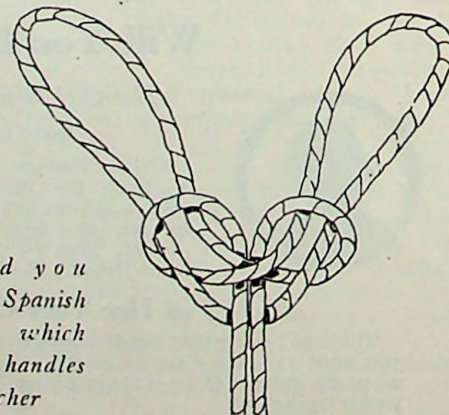
4

Bring A toward you to meet B, thus forming two small "ears"



5

Put each big ear through its corresponding small ear



6

Pull—and you have the Spanish Bowline which forms the handles of the stretcher

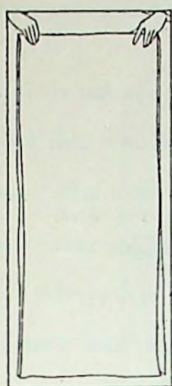


Fig. 1.

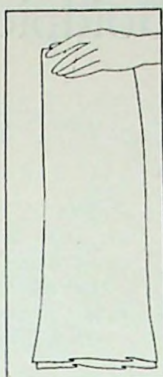


Fig. 2.

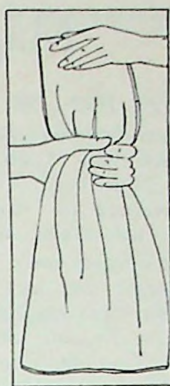


Fig. 3.

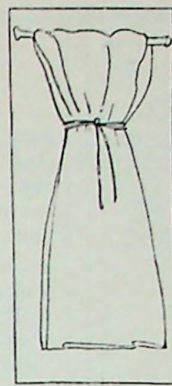


Fig. 4.

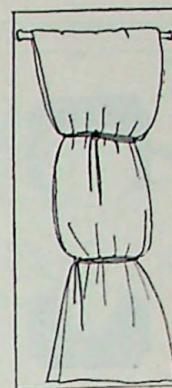


Fig. 5.

Try Dyeing a "Campaign Scarf"

By ALICE ALDUS

CAMPAIGN scarfs—there they are in the window of the Girl Scout National Headquarters Shop, exquisite light colors, colors of the sunset, shaded from palest hue to darker tones, all in one scarf. Passersby stop in admiration, then they go and buy them at \$3 apiece.

Already visiting Girl Scout Captains and Commissioners have asked how to make Campaign Scarfs to sell for the Building and Budget Fund this fall. So here are the directions, as given by Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, National Director of the Girl Scouts, who herself dyed the scarfs in the window shop.

"The best part about dyeing scarfs is that you can make it such fun," says Mrs. Rippin. "I have found dyeing out-of-doors also convenient. I can imagine a week-end Campaign Scarf party at camp, or a dyeing hike."

What to do beforehand

Take along everything you will need. First, the material for your scarf: cheesecloth, chiffon, cotton voile, crêpe de chine, georgette or pineapple cloth. Cut scarf lengths 2 yards long and half a yard wide and either hem the material or have it hemstitched by machine.

Next your dye: The SUNSET DYE colors which you will use most are: scarlet, purple, orange, bright blue, and yellow. You get the pale tones from these. For greater variety occasionally use dark green, dark brown and black. These dyes cost fifteen cents a cake."

Have the right utensils and materials

"We used the following in dyeing our Campaign Scarfs:

- 1 cake of each color of dye.
- 1 sack of cooking salt (not the specially prepared, boxed salt).
- Pails, each of one gallon capacity. (For these pails may be substituted salted peanut cans from your camp store or any clean buckets.
- 2 large mixing spoons (the kitchen kind that have a long handle), or two wooden sticks, 2 feet long or

longer, rounded at the end (like the old washing stick).

A clean old sugar sack or cheesecloth to strain your dye.

1 vessel to dissolve each color dye in (we used clean tomato cans).

1 ball string.

Your Girl Scout knife.

Preparing your dye

Have a hot fire. Fill your pails with clear, clean water. Bring to the boiling point.

While the water is coming to a boil, prepare your dye; let us say you select Scarlet. Shave in fine shavings one half of the Scarlet cake. Put the shaved dye in the small vessel. Add two cups of boiling water, place over fire, stir until dye is dissolved.

Then strain one quarter of it through the sugar sack or cheesecloth into one of the large pails in which one gallon of water is boiling. Watch carefully to see that no piece of the dye cake gets into this water. Add one heaping *mixing spoonful* of salt. Let boil and stir until dissolved.

Dyeing your "Campaign Scarf"

Fold your scarf lengthwise (Fig. 1), then at right angles (Fig. 2); where the folds cross will be the center. Pick up this center in the fingers of your left hand and shake the scarf gently.

Grasp the scarf one-third the distance from the center (Fig. 3), crushing the material together, and tie loosely with a few strands of twine (Fig. 4).

Put the whole scarf in the gently boiling dye bath and allow to remain for five minutes, stirring the material about and turning it over and under.

Remove from dye bath and immerse in the pail of cold rinsing water. Lift out and squeeze.

Add one-quarter of the remaining dye solution to the dye bath. Hold the scarf by the folded end [you can insert your dye stick between fold and tie (Fig.

4)], and immerse the loose or unfolded end in the dye bath up to the tied part. Gradually lift and lower the scarf in the bath for five minutes. Remove and add one-half the remaining dye solution to dye bath and immerse the scarf again, but only up to one half the distance between the loose end and the tie. Slowly lift and lower the scarf as before. Now add all the remaining dye solution to the dye bath and immerse the loose ends of the scarf not over five inches in the bath. Gradually lift out, holding the scarf so the tip ends are in the bath for the longest time.

The result will be a delicate pinkish center graduating in depth of color out to a strong scarlet at the edge.

For two colors

Fold and tie the scarf as directed above. Put one-third the dye in the gently boiling dye bath. Hold the loose end of the scarf in your hand and immerse the folded end up to the tie in the bath of the first color. Hold there for five minutes. Remove and rinse.

Half the distance between the tie and the loose end, grasp the scarf and tie loosely with twine (Fig. 5). Add the rest of the dye to the dye bath and hold this loose end in the same dye bath for five or ten minutes. Remove and rinse.

Between the two ties there will be a band of material that is not dyed. Hold this undyed part in the second color dye bath for five to ten minutes. Then, rinse, untie, the twine, and hang up to thoroughly dry in the shade.

In dyeing a dress, curtains or other material on which you want an even, level color, do not add the salt until after the material has been in the gently boiling dye bath for ten minutes. Then, remove the material, add the salt, replace the material, and gently boil for twenty minutes more. However, this preliminary boiling isn't necessary when dyeing such light material as a scarf.

If you have further questions to ask about "Campaign Scarfs" or other dyeing problems, write to us. We shall be glad to help you. Address HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT, North American Dye Corporation, Mount Vernon, New York.

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The trefoil to indicate the threefold promise. The eagle because it is American.

Official Girl Scout pins are made by the MEDALLIC ART COMPANY, who are also makers of Girl Scout badges and medals.

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All bulbs are extra large, sound, and guaranteed to bloom.

HERRMANN'S SEED STORE
140 E. 34 St., near Lexington Ave.
New York City

Magic Goldpieces

(Continued from page 15)

back to her comfortable chair again): And what good will it do her when she gets it? I'm sure I could can berries if I wanted to. But I really don't see any use taking the trouble.

SUE: That reminds me. The queer-looking man that we met when we were coming here was singing something about trouble. Trouble and care, I think it was. You ought to have seen him, Linda. He was ragged and dirty, and carried a bundle done up in an orange handkerchief, and a staff, like a tramp. But somehow, he didn't quite look like one. His face, and the way he walked were different.

CONNIE: His hat was red, with a long green feather in it.

HESTER: And did you notice his eyes? Very bright and sort of—sort of dancing. His voice didn't sound like an ordinary tramp's either.

LINDA: Did he speak to you?

ANN: No. He looked at us though, as he went by, singing.

SUE: He said something, in his song, about the crossroads and treasure. I wonder if he meant *our* crossroads, near the churchyard.

HESTER: Suppose we go down later and see if he's there.

JANE: He probably won't be. Aunt Matilda says that most tramps say a good deal more than their prayers.

ANN: But this one wasn't really a tramp. I'm sure he—Listen! you hear something? (*All listen, and the ticking of the clock is distinctly heard.*)

LINDA: Nothing but the clock.

SUE: I heard it, Ann. It sounded like singing.

HESTER: I did, too.

LINDA: Nonsense. It was only the breeze stirring through the hollyhocks.

CONNIE: No, I'm sure I heard a voice, singing. Now. There it is again. (*They all listen. Very faintly a song is heard in the distance. The words cannot be distinguished yet.*)

JANE (*going to the door*): I think I see some one coming up the road toward the gate.

SUE (*looking out from the doorway*): Yes, there is a dark figure by the oak tree. I believe—why, I do believe it's our tramp.

CONNIE (*doubtfully*): Perhaps we'd better shut the door and let him think we're out. Mother often does that to tramps.

ANN: Nonsense. He's all right. If he comes, we'll ask what he wants.

LINDA: Money. That's what he'll want. And food. All tramps do. He may get ugly, too.

HESTER: After all, there are six of us to one of him. And he wasn't very large, either.

SUE: Hush! There's a song again. (*A voice is heard singing.*)

VOICE: *Won't you come down to the crossroads,*

When the sun has set in the west.

Trouble and care, will vanish there,

And of treasures you'll gather the best.

JANE: He said something about treasures, didn't he, Linda?

LINDA (*looking at her queerly*): I didn't hear a thing.

ANN: You didn't hear that song just now?

LINDA: No.

SUE: But it was quite plain.

CONNIE: All the rest of us heard it. Do you think you could be getting deaf?

LINDA: My ears are perfectly good.

JANE (*from the doorway*): He's turning in at the gate now. Now he's walking up the path.

THE VOICE: *There's a pot of gold at crossroads*

As big as a journeyman's pack,

And a golden chain, reaching down the lane,

As far as the churchyard and back.

SUE: There! You surely heard that, Linda.

LINDA: Not a sound.

JANE: Come here, and I'll show him to you. (*Linda goes and stands beside Jane in the doorway. They both look out, Jane pointing right.*) See?

LINDA: See what?

JANE: Why the man coming toward us.

LINDA: Do you really mean that, Linda?

LINDA: Of course I do.

SUE (*looking from the doorway*): You must be joking. There he is, as plain as—as those hollyhocks out there.

LINDA: I believe you've all got sunstroke. You ought to have stayed indoors this hot afternoon, as I did. (*She goes back into the room and, taking another cake, begins to eat it. The others go to the door to look.*)

HESTER: He's almost here, now. You can see him easily, Linda, if you'll look.

LINDA: But I'm not going to look. He isn't there.

ANN: But what are we seeing, if it isn't a man?

LINDA: I'm sure I don't know. Probably the shadow of the apple tree, cast by the sun. (*She turns the rocking-chair so that it faces the left wall, fishes a book out from somewhere under the cushions, and begins to rock and read, indifferent to the excitement of the others.*)

VOICE: *So if you'll come to the crossroads,*

Between the sun and the moon,

You'll find pieces of gold that are heavy to hold,

And a pearl like a Spanish doubloon.

(Continued on page 37)

Say to your Captain, "Be a Brick and buy one"



In November—More Stories Than Ever

Football Stories—Who Doesn't Thrill Over Ralph Henry Barbour's?

Time to get out and support the home team. Who said the visitors would beat? Even girls who are away at Boarding School ask for permission to come home to root. Football is in the air. And as for football stories, you couldn't have a magazine without them. Of all the people writing football stories, Ralph Henry Barbour takes the lead. And even he never wrote one quite like this.

"Tubby Ward, Substitute" in our November issue was written especially for THE AMERICAN GIRL. Into the most exciting game of the season you go with Tubby. "Are you ready?" "Yes, sir." They're off! But look! What's happening? Tubby Ward is tackling that crashing, pushing line. Can he hold? Do not think this the usual substitute story, for it isn't. The ending brings you up with a start and a laugh.

A Heroine of the Back Country

By Elizabeth Huntington

The garrison was besieged. The Indians were pressing closer. Every one was in grave danger. Without, in the wilderness, lurked panthers and copperheads. Who should go for the help that was so desperately needed? Ann Bailey volunteered, insisting that the men were needed for defense. She won her point and quietly, stealthily, left safety behind. Did she win? Read this story of a real American pioneer in November.

A Party Dress for a Princess

By Camille Davied

Bobs read Beanie's letter again. Invited to a house party with Beanie's brother Jim bringing his college friends. Bobs smiled—then remembered. She had no party dress. Then father waved a wand. And mother. And behold, a shimmery party dress. There will be a picture of it, too, to show just how it was made and give you ideas for your own party dress this winter.

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Fascinating Things to Make and Do

Inez Haynes Irwin tells you about a houseparty any girl can give. You have the ending of our new Girl Scout play, "Magic Goldpieces." Alice Mary Kimball writes about another girl who became famous. Mrs. Cady gives you the best Christmas present suggestion. Puzzle Jack brings on his puzzles. You hear who wins our big contest. Puzzles to guess. "A Book that Works Wonders" for you to make. Scout pictures. Scout news. The latest about our campaign!

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And at this season money is most welcome. Girls have a thousand needs now. For new fall clothes, for your troop fund, for your Headquarters brick, and for Christmas presents. Won't it be fun this year to earn your own money for Christmas?

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Fall is the best time for Earn-Your-Own Members

Magic Goldpieces

(Continued from page 34)

As the last words are sung, the singer appears in the doorway. He measures, with his hands, a circle about the size of a teaplate as he sings the words, "like a Spanish doubloon."

He is tall, of slender build, with hair slightly longer than an ordinary man's peeping from beneath his red hat, which looks like a hat of a Swiss alpine-climber. It has a green feather at the side and is set at a rakish angle above merry eyes. He carries a dark cloak over his arm. His shirt is white, very ragged, and his trousers are worn. His legs and feet are bare. Around his waist is a scarlet and yellow striped scarf, tied in a knot at the side, with the fringe falling to his knees. Under his left arm are thrust a staff and a bundle wrapped in a bright orange handkerchief. His smile is quick and engaging).

Who was he and what was he doing there? Part Two in our November issue will tell you. And what was in his pockets? Part Two will unravel for you the mystery of the Goldpiece Man and will bring to you the "Song of the Princess" and Linda's wonderful discovery. Be sure to save this issue of "The American Girl" so that, with next month's, you will have the play in full.

An Ill Wind

(Continued from page 10)

I hope you will come again."

With a gasp, Miss Charlotte entered her vestibule.

"Take off your suit and shoes," she commanded. "I'll bring you a wrapper, then you can go to the bath room."

"No," said Charles. "I can't."

"Oh, dear!" Miss Charlotte clasped her arms about the plastered arm. "Now you're here, stay!"

"I wanted to come every day," confessed Charles in a broken voice. "But I thought you wouldn't have me. I'm ashamed. I've always been ashamed. You ought to run me out just as I am."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Miss Charlotte. She seemed to be struggling with some powerful, almost overwhelming emotion. "Get off your clothes. I'll be back in a minute."

Running up the steps, Miss Charlotte closed the door of her room behind her. Then she leaned against it. The emotion to which she yielded showed what Charles had missed in separating himself from her bright spirit. Of the joy of reconciliation, of the providential presence of the mortar box which had saved Charles's life, of the charms of the pretty girl who had made such anxious inquiry, Miss Charlotte had no time to think. Helpless with laughter she leaned against the door. Then, with a last mirthful quiver of her body, she seized her largest wrapper and ran with it down the steps.



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Scout trefoil trade
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All of our axes are made by the official manufacturers of the Girl Scout axe: the Kelly Axe & Tool Co., Inc., whose world-wide reputation is built upon Quality. "The Best Known and known as The Best."

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Laughing Last

(Continued from page 30)

week suggesting that I spend the summer with them in their cottage. I can more than pay my board by helping Professor Deering with his book and that will relieve Mrs. Deering so that she can play with the children. It will be a change for me—"

"Some change, I'd say," laughed Vick. "A crabby professor and an overworked wife and two crying babies—"

"Professor Deering *isn't* crabby, Vick; he's a dear and the babies are adorable."

"It would be nice, Isolde," said Trude. "But perhaps I had better postpone going to New York. Aunt Edith White will invite me some other time."

"You mustn't do anything of the sort," remonstrated Isolde quickly. "You didn't go to New York at Easter when Aunt Edith White invited you and she may think you don't like to go—"

"It seems terribly selfish for us to go away and leave Sid here."

"She'll have the Egg to spend—" from Vick.

"But there's such a sameness. And the League brings so many more people!"

"Trude, you're positively silly about Sid. When we were fifteen—"

"Just the same, I don't want to be the one to tell her the three of us are going away to have a good time and leave her here all summer—"

"I'll tell her," declared Isolde, firmly. "And I'll try to make her understand she is very well off. Vick, look out, quick! Did I hear Mrs. Milliken saying goodbye?"

"Yes, there she goes!" cried Vick, now boldly at the window. "What luck to be free so early. Let's see how much is left of poor old Sid."

But Vick, opening the door, saw a very straight, pig-tailed figure walk resolutely down the long hall toward the attic stairs. Her quick "Well, kid, how did it go?" fell upon deaf ears, nor did Sidney so much as glance in her direction.

* * *

Did Sid find a way to her adventure? Well, what do you think—after Pola's visit! Yet what could she do? Our next installment takes Sid and all her sisters into truly unbelievable days.

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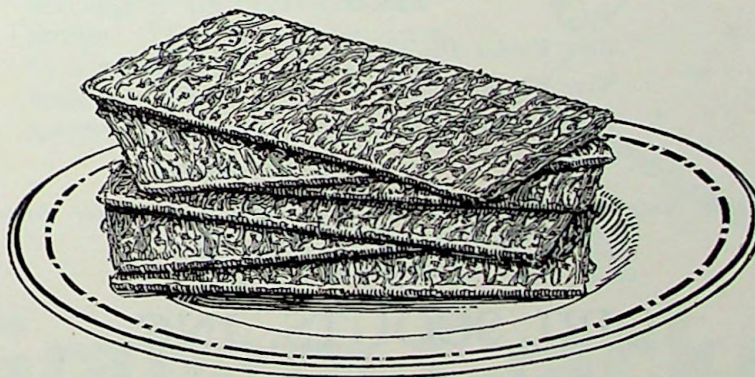
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Have You Read Them?

Some Books Girl Always Enjoy

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The "Reader's Guide" of the Saturday Review of Literature.

If you have read the college stories of Jean Webster, you know that the heroine of one of them—I wonder if you can tell which one—was brought up in our orphan asylum until she was old enough to go to college and then suddenly transplanted to Vassar, to be just like all the other girls, wardrobe, allowance and everything. Then you remember that in one of the letters she writes to the unknown benefactor who has made all this possible, she tells him that she is reading in all her spare time, to catch up with all the other girls—not school books that apparently every girl with a real family has read long ago, but that, in the Institution, she never had heard of.

So I think that before we begin to consider together the new books as they come every month from the publishers, it might be a good idea to clear the track, so to speak, by setting down the names of some of the books that I am going to take for granted a girl has read by the time she is through High School.

To begin with, I hope your acquaintance with literature began long before you could read, and that, beginning with "Mother Goose," some one read, recited, and best of all, sang verses to you every day. I hope you had the *Child's Garden of Verse* so often read to you that you have some of it by heart now, and *Hiawatha's Childhood* and a good many poems I have not space to name. If you are one of the grown up girls you came too soon for Walter De La Mare's *Peacock Pie*, but I hope mothers of the smaller ones see this and give this most charming of poetry-books for children, for the very next birthday present. Before I get past this subject. De La Mare has made a beautiful anthology of poems for children, called *Come Hither*, and two other fine collections called *Rainbow Gold* and *This Singing World*; they are just as good for older readers as for little listeners.

Then I hope some one gave you one of the Beatrix Potter books—*Peter Rabbit*, *Benjamin Bunny*, or the *Two Bad Mice*, that broke into the doll's house, these dear droll volumes so small you could hold them in a very little hand

Enter Mrs. Becker's Book contest—see page 45

while you read the stories you had heard so often. Then came the *Just So Stories*, and by the time you had gone over these treasures a few times you would probably be beginning to read for yourself, for this is the best way to begin, I hope that the *Just So Stories* gave you such a taste for Kipling that it carried you through the two *Jungle Books* and on in time to the best story books of English history, *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*, and then through *Captains Courageous to Stalky and Co.* Of course by the time you came to these you were much older, quite grown-up in fact.

Going back to the time of the *Jungle Books* when all animals were your friends, *The Story of Dr. Dolittle* comes at once to mind: again, this is a book that the older girls missed when they were little, for it was published after the war but I have known whole families to read aloud the adventures of the animal doctor and his friends, and be so delighted—grandmother and all—that they went on to the two sequels and are now waiting for the new one in which Mr. Lofting will tell what that Doctor did at the circus. The only other animal stories I have space for are those in *Uncle Remus* for I must go to the fairy tales, which you had discovered by this time. When you did, of course you read all you could lay your hands on Andrew Lang's *Blue Fairy Book* and all the colors that went with it—I am going to take for granted that you read Hans Christian Anderson and *The Arabian Nights*, and I do hope that there was a classical mythology in the house and that you used to read it over and over when you were very young. Bulfinch's *Age of Fable* is one and the one made from it, Gayley's *Classic Myths*, and one that many children like especially well is Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome*. Perhaps what gave you a start was *Tanglewood Tales*. I hope so, for these are in such fine English.

I wonder if you read *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* when you were very little, or if they came later? They could come almost any time, and so could the book I think the best ever written for children, the nearest to a perfect book of its kind—you ask what deserves all these large words? *Peter and Wendy*, by James Matthew Barrie, of course, and the other next to it, so near that there is not much choice between them, seems to me to be *The Wind in the Willows*, by Kenneth Graham. And of course you cannot miss *At the Back of the North Wind* or *Curdie and the Goblin*.

You probably began on Louisa Alcott as soon as you emerged from fairyland, and if you were like most little girls you read everything you could find of hers: I hope so, for *Little Women* and *Old Fashioned Girl* and the rest have become part of the life of America. I wonder if you read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? Children used to: I did over and over, and when I came back to it not long ago I was sur-

(Continued on page 45)

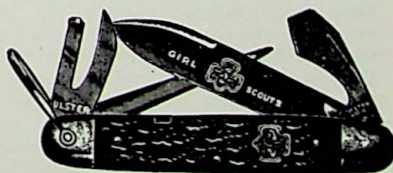


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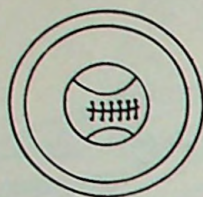
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Girl Scouts, Inc.
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A Red Brick

(Continued from page 16)

it took time. So she dances and smiles. I don't mind her dancing. I like to feel her feet pattering on my back. It's so gay and she is so happy because of the troop back in that little village.

The paper that I am writing my autobiography on is giving out but I don't need to write any more for I want to say that today I found out what this building is and perhaps I am not proud to be here and to be a part of it! Why, there isn't a prouder, bigger brick in the whole world.

I know too, whose brick I am. I am a Lone Scout's brick. Think of it! A Lone Scout but she wanted to own her brick in this building—A Building for American Girlhood! The National Headquarters of the Girl Scouts. I don't care what the Commissioner's brick says, I am going to dance and sing and sing too, because so much good work is being done and is going to go on being done in it.

A Building for American Girlhood. Hurrah! Tell all your fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts to buy bricks at ten dollars apiece. Hurrah!

Captains, You Are Invited

to Philadelphia's banquet. The Leaders Association of the Girl Scouts of Philadelphia will hold their second annual banquet on Friday, October 10th, at 6.30 p.m. at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia. Uniforms are preferred. The charge is \$2.50 and all Scout leaders who can attend are invited. Acceptances are to be sent to Miss Amina Pape, 1816 N. Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. by October 6th.

Gold Eye, The Loon

(Continued from page 13)

flames like a blazing rocket, shot a loon. His once gorgeous plumage was smeared with smoke and grime, some of his wing feathers were actually singed, and his big yellow eyes were filled with the acrid smoke.

Had Gold Eye, for it was really he, not been so terribly spent it is possible that he might have continued on his way and finally won freedom. But Jean's father likes to suppose that the memory of the girl who had befriended him in his extremity led him to swerve off his course and make toward the little cabin on the shore. He had come a terribly long way and his flight now resembled the frantic struggles of a drowning man. Desperately he tried to gain the porch of the sleeping camp, but he was too far spent and he dropped into the water with a loud splash.

For a minute or two the exhausted loon lay helpless on the surface of the water, his wings outspread and his black bill half open. Then gathering himself together he sent quivering into the stillness about him the mournful call of his people. Again and again that weird cry, half fowl, half human, and unlike any other sound in all the world, cut through the silence of the night and finally reached the sleep-fogged brain of the girl.

Uncertain as to just what had awakened her Jean threw on her clothes and crept to the window. There in the half light, sprawled upon the surface of the river in the peculiar fashion of the mortally wounded bird was Gold Eye, the loon.

Even as Jean's eyes caught the glare of the fire above the trees and she heard the roar of the flames the loon flapped his poor, singed wings weakly and sent throbbing towards the cabin a last broken call of warning.

Then as a realization of their terrible danger flooded Jean's brain she roused her father and launched the canoe. They weren't a moment too soon. As they bent to the paddles and shot up the river the flames leaped about the little cabin with a deafening roar.

The gallant loon had no chance. He must have been overwhelmed by the rolling cloud of black smoke that drifted out over the water almost immediately. But Jean and her father like to think that in the purple twilights of hot summer the spirit of Gold Eye, the loon, still hovers over that tranquil river in the steep hills.

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The Way in Scoutville

The Watch

From "Woodcraft", "Camping and Woodcraft" by Horace Kephart

If you carry a good watch and it is open-faced, there is a good way to protect it from wet that I read some years ago in a sportsman's journal. This also helps to keep it from falling out of a pocket. "To keep one's watch dry, even though you go overboard, take a piece of pure rubber dental dam 8 inches square, put the watch in the center, and bring the rubber together at the stem, tying the puckered up rubber with a bit of string. When you wish to see the face, simply stretch the rubber over the front and you can see the hands clearly through it."

If it is desired to make a sketch-map of some region for which you cannot obtain a government topographical sheet, and the country is too rough for pacing, it will help if one member of the party carries a stop-watch, with which to estimate distances by the sound of pistol shots.

In the wilderness, where roads generally are bad, if there are any at all, the distance traversed is of less consequence, for a mere route sketch, than the time taken to cover it. Your estimates of distance may be faulty, but your watch can be relied upon.

Time measurements also are good enough for rough mapping of open country and fairly straight courses, where it is not necessary to count paces in order to keep the general bearings correct.

One's watch, if it be keeping correct time, and the sun is shining, can be used as a compass. The watch being set by local (sun) time, turn the face of the watch to the sun in such position that the hour-hand shall point to the sun. Half-way between the hour-hand and 12 o'clock will then be the south point (south of the equator, the north point). Of course, when the sun is near the zenith this trick will not work.

To do the thing accurately, hold a grass stem or other small object vertically so its shadow will be cast across the face of the watch, and then bring the hour-hand into this shadow.

By laying the watch on a level place and sighting across it at a pole, the true meridian may be established closely enough for most purposes.

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\$50 a Week I made it with small Mail Order Business. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and Plan 25c. 12 Mail order articles FREE. ALGS SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.

Enter Mrs. Becker's Book Contest

Have You Read Them?

(Continued from page 41)

prised to find how much of the charm had lasted. I should not be surprised if you did not care much for *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* or even for *Tom Sawyer*: girls often do not like them as much as boys do, but I hope you are as fascinated by them as I was, for you will be reading some of the best work of one of our most distinctive and characteristic authors, Mark Twain.

Supposing now that you are well into your teens, I hope that you have long since found out how much there is for you in the great Victorians. I believe that by the time a girl is old enough to go to college she could have on hand a great deal of Dickens, a good deal of Thackeray, something of George Eliot and, to go back a little, something of Jane Austen. To put it more definitely I think a girl has not had a fine chance if by the time she is sixteen she has not read at least *David Copperfield*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Pickwick Papers* and the *Christmas Book*; *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Rose and the Ring* came earlier, of course and *The Virginians*; *Adam Bede* and *Mill on the Floss*; *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma*. I do not say this because they are "good for you," or good literature, or anything like that—though of course they are—but because I know what a tremendous lot of joy you are missing if you let them get by. Oh yes, I had almost forgotten *Jane Eyre*. What if they are novels for grown-ups? Did you ever notice that some of the most popular "Children's Classics"—*Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver*, *Pilgrim's Progress*—were written without a thought of children, and that *Treasure Island*, though written with one boy in mind, is really about very grown-up and business like people. Get your classics early, or the first thing you know you will be caught in the rush of new books, and think what it would be to have to go through life without Sam Weller, Becky Sharp, Mr. Micawber, Mrs. Poyser, Elizabeth Bennet, or the dark and fascinating Mr. Rochester.

There, this will have to do for a beginning. No doubt you have already thought of books that should be on this list of indispensables and I wish you would write and tell me.

A Book Letter Contest

I shall be happy to award a book to each of the three girls whose letters I find most helpful.

Letters should tell:

1. Which of these books you have read.
2. Which you like best.
3. A book you think ought to be on this list.

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I will answer every letter you send me.

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used to write plays for her class when
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plays, doesn't she?

Birdsall Otis Edey

is our own Mrs. Edey of the Field
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popular idea of Headquarters Bricks,
so we asked her to write the autobio-
graphy of one of them.

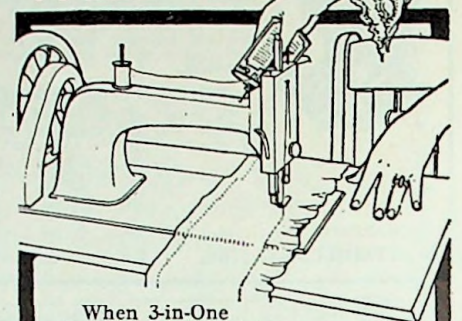
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others equally interesting.

To Our Scout Contributors

our hat is off. If we mentioned by
name every Commissioner, Captain and
Girl Scout who helped with this is-
sue, a whole column would be filled
forthwith, so here's our thanks to you,
all together.

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130-133 compl., 8c. 134-146 compl. 22c
*147-152 compl., 35c; used..... 35c
153-157 compl., 10c. 158-162a..... 9c
*168-176 compl., 35c; used 35c
178-179, 3c. 251-260 compl. 42c
372-375, 18c. 377-381 compl. 34c
382-390 compl., 25c. Roumania, 751-754 16c
PAUL SCHLIPPE, 506 E. 6th St., New York

FOR SALE

300 Surprise packages, containing 25 different stamps, one catalog 8c to \$1.75. 10c while they last in Canada and U. S. A. only.

Pierre R. Drolet

60a Second Ave., Verdun, Que., Can.

GIRLS SENSATIONAL 8c OFFER! 7 German stamps with (prewar) value over 40 million dollars (great curiosity); 1 fine stamp from *smallest republic on earth*; 1 airplane set; 1 triangle stamp, packet 25 diff. Hungary, cat. 50c; 1 perf. gauge; and last but not least, a *vest pocket stock book* in which to keep your duplicates! The big \$\$ outfit postpaid for only 8 cents to applicants for my famous QUICK SERVICE APPROVALS. Big Price List free to approval applicants.
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ALL DIFFERENT

50 Africa 25c
50 Asia 30c
50 Bosnia 60c
50 Finland 30c
50 Germany 10c
25 Guatemala 25c
25 Luxembourg 10c
50 Poland 10c
40 Sweden 15c
50 Turkey 30c
50 West Indies..... 35c

1000 fine Hinges..... 10c

Stamp-List free upon request

HERMAN JOERG

1027 FLUSHING AVENUE
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stamps

By WILBUR F. CANNON

If you desire any questions answered in regard to stamp collecting, write to WILBUR F. CANNON, 1413 Carey Avenue, Davenport, 5, Iowa. Enclose one two-cent stamp and we will be glad to help you. If you desire, we will send you a booklet "How To Collect Stamps" and a packet of 50 varieties, from all over the world, without charge.

Miss N. A. E. asks: "I have some stamps that are cancelled, yet have gum on the back. They seem to be unused. What are they?" Your stamps are cancelled-to-order stamps, a term applied to stamps which are sold in a cancelled condition, and which have never performed any postal duty. Whole sheets of stamps, usually with the original gum still adhering, are cancelled thus, either "by favor" or so that the labels can be sold below face value.

Miss S. M. K. asks "What are Encased Postage Stamps?" These are postage stamps, enclosed in flat circular brass cases, with the faces protected by a thin sheet of mica. This "necessity money" was in use during the Civil War period, and was introduced because of the scarcity of small coins for making change. A law was passed in 1862 authorizing the payment of small amounts in stamps but it became soon apparent that such fragile currency could not last without serious damage, so a Mr. Gault hit upon the idea of protecting the stamps with special containers or cases. Usually these encased stamps had the name of the issuing firm stamped on back—the advertising medium they presented being the chief appeal they made to most of the firms using them. Some 180 varieties are known of this Civil War "currency" and some of them are of great rarity. During the war certain European countries also used Encased Postage Stamps.

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EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
Arcadia

SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

I R E L A N D

These stamps are going to prove quite scarce, as they were issued in limited quantities. The following collections are exceptional offers:
Two different, scarce Irish..... 10c
Six different, scarcer Irish..... 15c
Ten different, rare Irish..... 35c

G E R M A N Y

The new million and billion values are out! The following are all unused:
One, two, four, five, ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred MILLION mark value, ea. 10c
Five hundred million and one billion mark value each 15c
Or, the ten different stamps for..... 50c

C O L L E C T I O N S

All the following come from every part of the world, and each stamp is "worth while":
50 different..... 10c 200 different..... 20c
300 different..... 35c 500 different..... 50c
1000 all different, catalog value \$20-\$25, \$1.75
Larger packets, up to 20,000 assembled to order.

Every stamp we sell is guaranteed genuine, and the prices quoted are postpaid.
With every order we will include without additional charge a coupon good for \$1 worth of stamps, free, and our wholesale price-list.

WILBUR F. CANNON AND CO.

1413 Carey Ave., Davenport, 5, Iowa

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My "Distinction" Packet contains 100 fine varieties used and unused stamps, including Paraguay, Peso values. U. S. Golden Gate, Buffalo, Jamaica pictorials, etc., 25c. Free set Ukraine Pictorials to approval applicants.

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Calgary, Alberta, Canada

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158 Genuine Foreign Stamps
—Mexico War Issues, Venezuela, Salvador and India Service, Guatemala, China, 5c etc. ONLY.....

Finest approval sheets, 50 to 60%. Agents Wanted. Big 72-p. Lists Free. We Buy Stamps. Established 25 years. **HUSSMAN STAMP CO., Dept. 172, St. Louis, Mo.**

50 var. Scandinavian stamps... 10c
25 var. Greece stamps..... 10c
and a free packet of different English or Canadian stamps.

PHIL. LUNDSTED

Cape Cottage Maine

ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c!

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting!); perforation gauge and mme. scale; small album; 2 approval sheets; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Johore, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants! Extra premium this month only:
Nice pocket stock book, val. 25c, with every order

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9a Monticello Avenue Jersey City, N. J.

TWO DOLLAR CAT. VALUE FOR 6 CENTS

100 diff. stamps, includ. Fiume (triangle), set German Air Mail, French Colo. pictorials (Tiger, etc.) for 6 cents to approval applicants. Perf. gauge and price list free.

PATHE STAMP CO.

521 Woodward Ave. Atlanta, Ga.

Come on to the House Party—in November



Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective September 1, 1924



Uniforms

	Size	Price		Size	Price		Size	Price
Long Coat.....	10-18	\$3.50	Hats, Officer's	7½-8	3.75	Black Silk		\$2.00
	38-42	4.00	Hats, Scout.....	6½-8	1.50	Puttees, Women's sizes.....		3.00
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.50	Canvas Leggings, Pair.....		1.00	Girls' sizes		2.00
	38-42	5.00	Web Belt	28-38	.60	Sweater—Slip-over type	10-14	6.50
Skirt	10-42	2.00		40-42	.75		16-22	7.00
Bloomers	10-42	2.25	Leather for officers..	28-38	2.50	Coat type	10-14	7.50
Knickers	10-42	2.50	Middy—Official khaki ..	10-40	1.75		16-22	8.00
Norfolk Suits—Officer's:			Neckerchiefs, each40	Waterproof Coats, sizes	10-20	7.50
Khaki, light weight.	34-42	7.00	Colors: Green, purple, dark				sizes 40-42	9.00
Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	\$15.00	blue, light blue, khaki, pale			Waterproof Capes, sizes	10-20	7.50
Serge	34-42	37.50	yellow, cardinal, black, and				sizes 40-42	9.00
			yellow.					

Badges

x Attendance Stars			x Life Saving Crosses			x Second Class Badge.....	\$0.15
Gold	\$0.20		Silver	\$1.75		x * Thanks Badge	
Silver15		Bronze	1.50		Heavy gold plate with bar..	3.00
x First Class Badge.....	.25		x * Medal of Merit.....	1.00		Gold Plate Pins.....	.75
x Flower Crests15		x Proficiency Badges15		Silver Plate75

Pins

x Brownie	\$0.25		x Lapels—G. S.—Bronze.....	\$0.50		Gold Filled (safety catch)..	\$0.75
x Committee75		x Tenderfoot Pins			New plain type.....	.15
x * Community Service25		10K Gold (safety catch)....	3.00		Old style plain pin.....	.08
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50						

Insignia

x Armband	\$0.15		x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	\$0.20		x Lapels—G. S., for Scouts....	\$0.20
x Corporal Chevron10		x Hat Insignia (for Captain's			x Patrol Leader's Chevron....	.15
			hat)50			

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05		Girl Scout Songs			Oh, Beautiful Country.....	.05
Are You There.....	.10		Vocal Booklet	\$0.10		On the Trail:	
Enrollment10		Piano Edition.....	.30		Piano edition	\$0.60
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15		Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04		Midget Size05
First National Training School	.25		Lots of 10 or more.....	.03		Lots of 10 or more.....	.02
Girl Guide60		Goodnight15		Onward10
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15		Hiking On30		To America25
						Be Prepared. Girl Guide Song	.35

Flags

American Flags			(x) Troop Flags			(x) Troop Flags (continued)		
Size	Material	Price	Size	Material	Price			Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70	2x3 ft.	Wool..	\$2.50	Semaphore Flags (extra), per		
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50	2½x4 ft.	Wool..	4.00	pair75
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50	3x5 ft.	Wool..	5.50	(x) Troop Pennants		
3x5 ft.	8½ inches	4.50	4x6 ft.	Wool..	8.00	Lettered with any Troop No..	\$1.50	
G. S. Felt Emblems (separate)						Staffs		
3x4		35c	Flag Set		\$1.25	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral		
4x5		40c	Includes:			G. S. Emblem....	\$6.50	
6x7		45c	1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.	4.90	
7x10.....		55c	6-ft. Staff			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.	3.40	
			1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy			G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.60	
			web carrying case			Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50	
			Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not			Spear Emblem—separate	1.50	
			jointed60	Flag Carrier.....	2.50	

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Earn-Your-Own money in

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Patrol Register, each15
Brownie Pamphlet15	Patrol System for Girl Guides.....	.25
Brownie Report75	Play (By Mrs. B. O. Edey).....	.15
* Blue Book of Rules25	In lots of 10 or more.....	.10
Camping Out, L. H. Weir	2.00	2 Plays (By Oleda Schrottky)	
Campward Ho!75	A Pot of Red Geraniums.....	.25
Camp and Field Notebooks—		Why the Rubbish?15
3 Projects complete with cover.....	1.50	Post Cards—	
Project separate40	Set of six (Silhouette)10
Cover30	1 dozen sets	1.00
Captain's Field Notebook	1.25	Single cards02
Community Service Booklet—		Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring,	
Each10	Summer. Sets cannot be broken).....	.20
Per dozen	1.00	Posters—	
First Aid Book—		Girl Scout poster (large)20
General Edition50	Girl Scout poster (small)10
Woman's Edition25	Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
Girl Guide Book of Games.....	.50	Single copies, each.....	1.00
Health Record Books, each.....	.10	Producing Amateur Entertainments, Helen Ferris..	2.50
Per dozen	1.00	Signal Charts15
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover.....	1.00	Lots of 10 or more10
Flexible Cloth Cover75	Scout Laws	
English Girl Guide75	Poster size50
Home Service Booklet, each.....	.10	Small size15
Per dozen	1.00	Postcard size05
* Introductory Training Course.....	.15	Scout Mastership	1.50
Life Saving Booklet.....	.15	Troop Management Course75
Measurement Cards05	Troop Register	2.00
Ye Andrée Logge75	Additional Sheets	
A Girl Scout Pageant.....	.50	Individual Record03
Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard.		Field Note Book size01
* Punched for Field Notebook.		Attendance Record03
		Cash Records, 603

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.50	Poncho (45x72)	\$3.25
Belt Hooks, extra05	" (60x82)	4.50
Blankets—4-pound Grey	6.00	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9.....	1.50
Bugle	3.50	10K Gold, 3 to 9.....	4.00
Braid—1/4-inch wide, yard.....	.10	Rope, 4 ft. by 1/4 in.15
x Buttons—Per set25	Lots of 5 or more, each.....	.10
10s—6 1 to set—dozen sets.....	2.75	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt.....	.50
Camp Toilet Kit	2.25	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard.....	4.75
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25
Tin	1.50	Aluminum Case50
Compass, Plain	1.00	Scout Stationery50
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Scout Stickers, per dozen.....	.05
Cuts—		Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-1150
Running Girl	1.00	Sun Watch	1.25
Trefoil75	Transfer Seals, 2 for05
First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	1.25	Thread, Khaki spool15
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra.....	.50	Per dozen spools	1.20
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.80	x Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Flashlights, Small size	1.35	Long Coat Uniform65
Large size	1.65	1 Long Coat Pattern	
Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem:		1 Pair Lapels	
Linen40	1 Spool of Thread	
Cotton25	1 Set of Buttons	
Haversacks, No. 1	2.75	Two Piece Uniform80
No. 2	1.50	1 Short Coat Pattern	
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair.....	.25	1 Skirt Pattern	
x Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide.....	.35	1 Pair Lapels	
Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide.....	.55	1 Spool of Thread	
Knives, No. 1	1.50	1 Set of Buttons	
No. 2	1.00	No make-up sets for middies and bloomers	
Mess Kit, No. 1 Aluminum, 6 pieces.....	3.50	Whistles20
Mirror—Unbreakable25	Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50
x Patterns—			
Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-4215		
Norfolk Suit, 34-4225		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

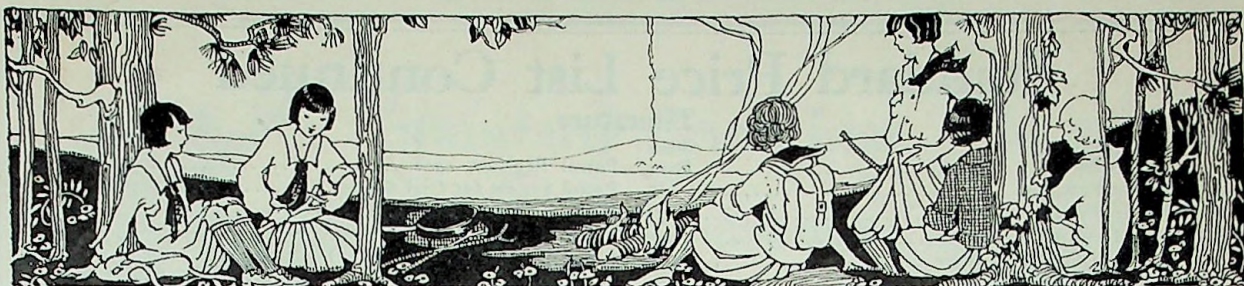
- Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
- Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
- Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
- Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
- Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

189 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Our Earn-Your-Own Club



ALONG the EDITOR'S TRAIL

HOW do you like our new Editor's Trail heading? When the artist who drew it for us asked us what we wished to have, we said, "Something which will give the spirit of the Editor's Trail." "What is that?" asked the artist. "Just four words," we replied. "Those words are: *talking things over together.*" When she brought us her drawing, we felt that she had caught just the right spirit. Don't you think so, too?

So this is talking things over. What fun it is now that we are all back from our vacations to get together in troop meeting and make our many plans for the weeks before Christmas. We get to talking fast and furiously when bang! there is the same old question we had last year. We always seem to meet it no matter where we turn. You know what we mean—the old, old question, "How shall we earn the money?" We do not wish to be forever asking our fathers and mothers for it. In fact, the Scout way is to earn the money *together*. But how?



It is because we realized how you meet this question that we made a certain plan last spring which is becoming more and more popular with Scouts every month. We thought, "THE AMERICAN GIRL needs many more subscriptions. The Scout troops need money. Isn't there something we can do which will help us both?" And there was. Our Earn-Your-Own Club plan.

You secure new subscriptions for the magazine. On every \$1.50 one you secure, you earn thirty-five cents. Presto! You have earned your money. We have the subscriptions. And we are all happy.



Your troop can work together on it, too. Elect one member who will be your Earn-Your-Own Club representative. Have her write to us telling us that she wishes to be your Earn-Your-Own Club representative. Then we will send her our suggestions and help for getting subscriptions. As soon as she

receives her appointment, you may all go to work, giving your elected representative the money for all the subscriptions that you secure. Then she will send the subscription money to us, deducting the amount which you have earned.



Perhaps some of you who read this are thinking, "I tried that last spring and didn't have very much success." You will find the fall an entirely different matter. More people subscribe for magazines in the fall than at any other time of year. And when it comes to Christmas! Why, the fathers and mothers of Scouts will be thanking you for telling them about the magazine, they will be so glad to give their daughters our magazine for Christmas! We know, because that happened hundreds of times last fall.

On page 36, you will find our notebook plan for getting subscriptions. Write today and join the Earn-Your-Own Club if you haven't already done so. Talk it over at your next troop meeting. Do it as a troop or separately, just as you prefer.



If you wish to work by yourself, don't forget that any girl may subscribe to THE AMERICAN GIRL. And remember how much you will appreciate what you earn in buying that piece of Scout equipment you are dreaming of or in buying the Christmas presents which you are already planning.

Now that the fire is dying down a bit, gather closer and let's talk over something else about our magazine. Last summer, the Editor visited a Girl Scout Camp where the girls gathered together under a tree to discuss THE AMERICAN GIRL. The Editor said, "Girls, this last year we have had so many new Girl Scout subscribers send in their names that we feel more than ever that THE AMERICAN GIRL is popular. But there are still so many Girl Scouts who have not subscribed that we are wondering why they don't. Why do you think this is?"

The girls spoke up at once. "They don't all read it, Miss Ferris." This was interesting to the Editor, "Why not?" she asked. "Why, because, they haven't had the chance. Besides, the troop subscribes."

"What about the troop subscriptions?" asked the Editor. "Well," went on the girls who, although they came from different cities all agreed in their opinion, "you see when the troop subscribes, we sort of think we *do* take the magazine when any one asks us. But we don't. Because it takes so long for the troop copy to get around that half the time we never see it at all. And when we do, it is soiled and torn. We think you ought to talk to all the Girl Scouts and tell them not to subscribe by troops."



The Editor at once thought this such a good suggestion that she decided to talk it over in the magazine. Those camp girls hit the nail on the head. Troop subscriptions have not been a good plan. Too many girls have had to read the magazine every month. So we have abolished troop subscriptions altogether.

Subscribe by patrols if you cannot afford individual subscriptions. But even patrol subscriptions are not as good as individual subscriptions. So tell all your troop members to subscribe for themselves. And remember that you can earn your own subscription by getting three other new ones.



There! We knew how good it would seem to get around the fire with you and talk everything over. For one thing is certain. Our Girl Scouts never fail their magazine.

Speaking of fall plans, there is more reason this autumn than ever before for us to do the very best kind of Scouting. For Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart and the National Board and Mrs. Rippin will be asking all our older friends to help us in paying for our new National Headquarters. These older friends of ours are going to be asked to buy bricks at ten dollars apiece.